The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

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"Profitable for doctrine." *II Timothy 3 : 16*

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Mιγμα

But for prohibition, it wouldn't be safe to drive on the streets and highways. On the other hand, if we had the saloons, as in the old days, there would be fewer automobiles on the streets and highways. (*Toledo Blade.*)

υ λ

The International Association of Women Preachers will hold its annual assembly in Chicago. . . One of the topics on the program for this assembly is "Women Preachers—Why?" One might with equal pertinence reverse the query: Women preachers—why not? "Let the women keep silence"—No, they do not keep silence in the churches now, and nobody wants them to. (*Christian Century.*)

υ λ

It appears that the American Government is now, according to its own courts, legally justified in seizing ships beyond the three miles if they are actively engaged in smuggling operations. . . . We may dislike this doctrine, but at least it should not surprise us. The United States has been driven to these measures by the campaign of smuggling which has been largely organized from this country. As soon as our Government puts its foot down and stops these systematic efforts to defeat the laws of a friendly country the United States will be under no necessity to pursue smugglers on the high seas. (*Manchester Guardian.*)

υ λ

To keep the message of the Church simple and sincere and directly related to the needs of men is a problem of persistent difficulty. Nowhere is sincerity and truth more essential than in the Church, and yet no institution is more subtly tempted to be something other than its true self. The Church is exposed to a continual undertow dragging it into conventionalities, platitudes and shams. (*John R. Scotford, in Christian Work.*)

υ λ

Time enough for the United States to think of canceling those European war debts when her European debtors show some disposition to think of canceling war. (*Portland Oregonian.*)

υ λ

Many of us can not see any reason why America should dream of canceling any European debt so long as European nations can afford to spend money on military schemes. (*T. Rhondda Williams, in Christian Register.*)

υ λ

One thing is sadder than the cocksureness of the obscurantists, and that is the supineness of the liberals. (*Stephen S. Wise.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE

SHE was only twenty years old when she married a rising young lawyer of the village where she was born. Most of the time she had her own work to do in one of the big houses people felt they had to build fifty or sixty years ago. Her children came one after the other until she had four boys and a girl—then there was an interval of ten years, when another boy was born who was a delicate baby and who had to have constant care.

What with washing, ironing, cooking, cleaning, mending, dressing and starting her children off to school neat and clean, what with bringing them up, encouraging them in their studies, sending them to Sunday school and caring for the thousand things about the home, she had enough to do.

It wasn't always easy in other ways. Her husband early went into politics. He won and he lost, and his law practise suffered either way. She had the satisfaction of knowing that he was fearless, able and honest, but that didn't prevent mortgages going on to everything they had, interest day always staring them in the face, notes always coming due at the bank, and little or no money "to do with" in the home. Literally for months at a time she had to make bricks without straw. But she didn't let her intellectual life dry up—she had been graduated at one of the first of the women's colleges, and like her husband had a taste for noble and beautiful literature. She knew Dickens, Thackeray and Scott. She read modern books from the book club. The *Century*, *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic*, the *House Beautiful*, one way or another got on to her table and were read. And as for George Eliot and Charlotte Bronte and Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Bronte—these books she knew almost by heart, and in later years her sons had to have them rebound.

She never lost heart, however black things got. She would cry sometimes but not for long, and back at the job she would go. Where she was perfectly helpless and there was no way out, she just carried on and a way always opened.

Great was her faith that there were better days ahead, and there were. She got her children educated and started in the world. She backed her husband up and eventually they fought their way through to solid ground. Her children went into the army, the law, the ministry and business. They were scattered over the world, but there was not one of them without an intense feeling of devotion to the hill country and the village home where father and mother lived.

In 1917, when war came again, with its separation and its dangers, her body began to break, and she went down under a stroke of paralysis. She could not tie her shoes in the morning and called out to a son who chanced to be at home. "Lie down, mother," said he gently. "No, I will not lie down," she replied. "If I do I may never get up."

That kind of spirit carried her through the next six years, part of the time doing her own house work. Chronic kidney disease, arterio sclerosis, high blood pressure, repeated strokes of paralysis, sound deadly, but they went up against an iron will, an intense desire to live, a mind set on the things of life instead of death, and for years she hurled them back. In the last few weeks, when she had to stay in bed, she said every day, "I shall try to get down to the fireplace to-morrow."

At last the long fight ended and God gave her rest.

Now her children like to picture the heavenly country as full of beautiful villages as well as walled cities, country lanes as well as golden streets, modest frame houses as well as great mansions. They do not have any doubts about God's care of their mother. They are sure she has a fireplace with beech and maple and apple snapping on the hearth and her husband coming in with another log.

And always when they think of her, they banish their doubts about the future of this chaotic and harassed world. So much nobility and courage in the soul of one humble, obscure woman shows them that they may "thank God and take courage."

* *

SERVICE OF OUR MISSIONARIES

IN the great disaster which has come to Japan, the thought uppermost in the minds of Christian men and women is of service: "How can we help?" "What is there to do?" At this writing no one knows, but the newspapers and the American Red Cross will keep us informed.

Whatever has happened to our missionaries, they will be filled with joy that they were there. They have had opportunities for service. They have done their best to grapple with a flood of human misery

and suffering almost overwhelming. They have had chances to apply Christianity and to illustrate the brotherhood of man.

* *

SAFETY OF OUR MISSIONARIES

THESE facts should be remembered by all who are fearful, both now and in the future:

Dr. Ayres and family live in a suburb of Tokyo called Higashi Nakano, several miles from the center and with vacant land in the vicinity to which they could retire if fire spread in their direction. The American type house occupied by them is well built and may have resisted the shock. Nobody would stay in the house under such conditions, and Dr. Ayres has a large yard.

The Blackmer Home, nearer the center, is an old two-story frame house, not calculated to stand much shaking, but, like the other homes of our missionaries, it has a good-sized yard.

The missionaries know all about earthquake shocks and what steps to take.

They are all cool, self-possessed, courageous people.

God is there as well as here.

* *

THE DEMORALIZATION OF RELIGION

THERE are two meanings of the idea of demoralization. The one means the loss of morale. We observe this condition in a crew or team when it is "rattled," or when a business organization loses its controlling head, or when a church through indifference or quarrel or scandal goes to pieces. In all these cases the spirit that should animate and motivate all the parts and persons is lacking.

The other meaning is the one to which we desire to call attention. It is the demoralization of religion through its denaturing. Its real nature is taken out of it. Its essence is lost. The thing that gives it its significance and value for human life it no longer possesses. When our religion loses its ethical nature and its moral passion, then it becomes demoralized since it is denatured.

This demoralization occurs through sacerdotalism and sacramentalism. The sacraments take the place of the living experience of personal relation with God and vital conviction of the varieties and values of the spiritual world. The author of "Painted Windows" declares that one of the burning questions before English Christianity is the dominance of the sacerdotal. The attention is fixed on the performance of the ritual rather than on the moral reality and presence of God.

We see how much is still needed the warning of T. H. Green to Canon Scott Holland: "One warning I would like to give you—a warning against the tendency to which sentiment or desire for emotional effects or current clerical opinion might incline you, to substitute, for the moral presence of God in the Church, a miraculous and mystical one; in other words, against sacerdotalism and sacramentalism. Opinions about evidence don't affect the essence of Christianity, but these demoralize it."

This demoralized religion is a reversion to a lower stage and type of religion and to a wholly different philosophy of God and the world than is required by the Christian religion. It takes us back pretty near to magic, and it is based on the notion of the soul as metaphysical substance rather than as a moral subject. This is not progress; it is retrogression.

Religion is also demoralized by pantheistic mysticism which is characteristic of the Far East, and which has had and still has much influence on the Western mind. Its sense of, and emphasis upon, the unity of the universe and all things therein are good for us, but there is an amazingly defective sense of the moral realities of life.

The Bengali saint and mystic, Ramakrishna, said toward the end of his life: "I have now come to a stage of realization in which I see that God is walking in every human form and manifesting Himself alike in every human form, alike through the saint and sinner, the virtuous and the vicious. . . He who has attained to such realization goes beyond good and evil, above virtue and vice."

This sort of mysticism empties religion of all its moral content, makes men indifferent to moral distinctions, cuts the nerve of conscience, and allows men and women to wallow in moral filth.

Religion is also demoralized through putting the emphasis upon the creedal standards rather than upon its spiritual and ethical character. The stressing of orthodoxy of opinion rather than the moral and spiritual requirements of Christ has made for the denaturing and demoralizing of Christianity. The fundamentalist movement of our day does not make for morality, and it certainly does not manifest the spirit of the Master. It is not a blessing to the Church, nor a boon to the country. It makes for division, antagonism, narrowness, hatred.

We have upon our hands the great task, and ours is the great opportunity, of showing the world the meaning, the value, and the power of a moralized religion. We are in the prophetic succession, not the sacerdotal, nor sacramental, nor the mystical, nor narrow orthodox. Our experience of religion is spiritual, our aim is moral and our interpretation reasonable. This is the kind of religion we have to offer, and this is the kind of religion the world sorely needs.

D. E.

* *

WHAT GOD HATH JOINED

NOT a little of the current discussion concerning the function of the Church is futile as well as fallacious because it is an attempt to separate the inseparable.

That Church is recreant to its task and mistakes its mission that fails to nurture and sustain and strengthen and comfort the individual life. But it is inadequate if it does only that. Civilized man is himself a dual being, always and inescapably both an individual and a social unit; and no Church will permanently endure, or ought to, that fails to recognize or fails to serve both these needs.

In the September *Ambassador*, Dr. Newton reminds us that true spiritual insight brings together the Mount of Vision and the Valley of Need. "Evermore," he says, "the Valley of Service lies at the base of the Mount of Vision, and social duty lies ready to hand following the mystical experience; and what God hath joined together, man must not put asunder."

A Thrilling Bible Experiment

Frank Oliver Hall

I PROPOSE that we try an interesting but difficult experiment. Let us imagine, if possible, that we have lived all our lives in some remote corner of the universe where the Bible has never appeared. We are familiar with other books, ancient and modern, but not with the Bible. We are especially interested in old books, first editions, ancient manuscripts, but, strangely enough, we have never so much as heard of the Bible. Therefore we have no preconceived ideas about it. We neither "believe" in it nor "disbelieve" in it, because we know absolutely nothing about it. So let us play the game.

It so happens that, having left our obscure corner of the world intent upon seeing how the rest of humanity lives, we have arrived in London. Of course we visit the British Museum. In the library we find certain glass cases containing what are obviously very ancient manuscripts, covered with strange characters of which we can make nothing at all. Now old books are a hobby with us, so we find an attendant and lead him to the cases and ask him questions.

"Here are some curious objects," we say. "Please tell us about them."

"These," he answers, "are very ancient books. Here is one that rolls up. To find a certain place you roll up one end of the manuscript and unroll the other. That was the original form of the book. Pages and binding are a much later invention. Notice the peculiar square characters. You read them from right to left, instead of from left to right, as with us. The writing is called Hebrew."

"How old is the book?"

"Well, this particular manuscript is perhaps twelve hundred years old, but you must understand that the book itself was composed much earlier than that. In ancient days books were made altogether by hand. This particular manuscript is the copy of a copy of a copy, and so on back a good many centuries. Very likely this book was written down first of all nearly three thousand years ago; and even before that much of the material that we see written here was preserved by men with prodigiously cultivated memories, and the matter here written was transmitted by oral tradition for centuries. No one knows just how old these traditions, oral and written, are, but at any rate they are thousands of years old."

"But here are other manuscripts, different in construction and written in different characters; what are these?"

"These are written in the Greek language, and, while this particular manuscript is older than the Hebrew manuscripts, the original book of which this is a copy of a copy of a copy was composed much later. Two thousand years ago there arose a new religion, and these books came into existence as an expression of that religion. There are four brief biographies of the man who founded the religion, some letters concerning the teachings of the religion, a history of the first years of the religion, and a rhapsody that no one quite understands."

"All this is exceedingly interesting. Of course we can not read these ancient books, being unfamiliar with the languages; is there no translation into English that we can get?"

"Oh yes," says the attendant, and shortly brings us a book on the cover of which is written the word "Bible."

"Bible," we say. "What does that mean?"

"It means simply Book," he replies. "At first it was called *Ta Biblia*, that is 'The Books.' You understand that there are a good many little books bound together. You will see as you read. These different books were produced through a long period of time, about fifteen hundred years in all, in several different languages. But all were produced by one nation, the Hebrew."

"Are these all the books produced by that nation during this long period of time?"

"Oh no. There are many more. But men generally agree that these are of the greatest importance."

So, having received our book and with so much information to guide us, we select a comfortable chair and fall to reading. We read first of all in a book called "Genesis," which means "origin." This book tells us what some one thought about the origin of the universe. We read, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," and so on to the end of the chapter. When we have finished we cry: "Splendid! The author of that was indeed a poet. What sublimity in these sentences! What a superb conception that the Creator should have existed in the midst of chaos until he determined to make a world, and cried, 'Let there be light!' 'Let there be a sun!' 'Let there be a moon and stars!' and these all leaped into existence at the command of Deity. Magnificent!"

But, mind you, not for a moment would we think of accepting this as a substitute for the teachings of modern science. Neither would we find fault with the man who four thousand years ago dreamed this splendid dream, because he did not know the teachings of modern geology and astronomy. We would take the chapter for what it purports to be, an ancient poem of creation.

Then we would turn to the next chapter and read the story of the origin of man and the Garden of Eden. Again we would cry: "Superb! The thought of this ancient author, that man is made in the image of God; this other idea that woman is a part of man's very self, as expressed in the incident of the creation of woman from man's rib; this thought that all misery comes from disobedience to God's command—all this shows that the author had a keen insight and a lofty imagination. Here is a superb allegory."

But, again, we would never think of taking this story of the creation and fall of man as literal history. I hardly think we would imagine that the author wanted us to take it as literal history. We know that the ancients loved to communicate their ideas in fables, allegories, parables. We would probably conclude that this is a case in point.

Then we would go on to read the story of the rise of the Hebrew people. We would find all sorts of wonder-stories, tales about giants, and men who lived to be a thousand years old, of a man so strong that he could

tear down a great temple with his bare hands, and of another man who made the sun stand still. We would read the story of a certain man who was swallowed by a great fish and lived three days in its belly, composing poetry meanwhile. All of which would be extremely fascinating, but it would not trouble us at all. This is exactly what we would expect to find in the literature of an ancient people. We would wonder much if we did not find such stories there. But not for a moment would we think of accepting all as history. We would understand at once that probably there is a thread of history running through it all, but that the stories had been told and retold, carried in the memory, colored by the imagination, until we have the product of mingled fact and fancy. There is much history here, but also much legend, much fiction. We would understand this at once without being told.

We would find also in this collection of ancient Hebrew literature a hymn-book, bound with the rest. Some of the hymns would thrill us by their great beauty, and some would repel us by their brutality. We would find also a splendid philosophical drama, and a collection of love poems, and two or three little novels of great beauty, and a pessimistic book as black as midnight.

Then we would turn to the second part of the book and read the biographies of a great teacher. We would read the Sermon on the Mount and our hearts would respond to it as the soul responds to music. We would read on concerning this man's simple, pure and helpful life, his wise sayings, his heroic death, and the account of his reappearance after death. I am sure that we would wipe tears from our eyes as we read the story of the crucifixion and this man's tender thought for his mother. I am sure that our hearts would beat high with hope when we read that death was not strong enough to hold such a soul in captivity.

We would find wonder-stories in this part of the book also, but they would not trouble us. Of some we would say, "That is probably exaggerated;" of others, "Well, there are many things in this world that we do not understand." With this, we would hasten on to the collected letters, finding portions delightful and others dull. So we would come to the last book in the volume, try to understand it, and give it up, because we could make nothing of it. Then we would close the book and say: "We are glad that we found this volume. We will get a copy and study it. It sheds much light upon what these men of old thought and believed. It is certainly an invaluable collection of ancient literature."

Now, let us imagine that at this moment a certain man passes by and, seeing us with a book in our hands, says: "Good afternoon. What have you discovered?" Willing to share our treasure we reply: "We have found one of the most interesting books in the world: a collection of ancient literature called the Bible."

"What!" cries our new acquaintance. "Did you never read the Bible before? This is the word of God."

We are puzzled for a moment and then answer: "Oh yes, to be sure. One finds here truths of the greatest importance. The book is indeed a treasure house of truth, a mine of pure gold. Whatever is true is of God. God's word is the true word and a true word is God's word. I understand what you mean when you say this is the word of God."

"But that is not what I mean," replies the man. "I mean that this book is inspired."

"Certainly," we reply. "The book expresses lofty thought and emotion. I have never been so inspired by any other volume. It is inspiring, and whatever is inspiring is inspired. To be sure the book is inspired."

But again our acquaintance cries: "Neither is that what I mean. I mean that this book is a revelation."

"I agree with you," we reply. "The book has revealed to me many things that I did not know. It has revealed what these ancient people thought; it has given me insight into the will of God concerning righteousness. It has been a revelation to me. Right you are, the book is a revelation."

The man by this time has grown quite red in the face and cries, "I perceive that you are sunk deep in the errors of the world. I mean that everything in this book, from lid to lid, is the literal and unvarnished truth. There are no mistakes or errors in it. This book was given by God for the guidance of His children in an entirely different way than any other book was ever written. There is no imperfection in it. It is God's book, not man's book, infallible in every part, without blemish from beginning to end. And the person who does not believe that the book is perfect, or who questions or doubts any of its statements, is an infidel and will certainly be damned."

"But, my dear sir," we reply in astonishment, "this is a most amazing claim to make. Where do you get your authority for saying that the book is infallible? What makes you believe that this is the one book in all the world in which there is no error?"

"I have always believed it. My mother taught me that before I was able to read at all. My grandparents believed that, and their parents before them."

"But who taught them that the book is infallible?"

"Why, the clergy, I suppose."

"Good! Now let us get back to the first man who believed that the Bible is a book entirely different from all other books, an infallible book, a book without errors. Where did this first man get the idea?"

"I suppose he got it from the book itself. The Bible claims to be infallible."

"I beg your pardon, but I have just been reading the book and I assure you that it makes no such claim. But even if it did would this not be to reason curiously? 'A book must be infallible if it claims to be infallible, because being infallible its claim must be true.' But indeed the writers of this book make no such rash assertion. You make a claim for the book which the book does not make for itself."

"Well, then, God must have revealed the truth of the Bible's infallibility to our ancestors."

"That is a gratuitous assumption. You have no possible proof of such a revelation."

"Well, thousands upon thousands of people have believed this. My ancestors all believed it. You dishonor the forefathers and the saints of old by refusing to accept this book as infallible."

"But the saints of old believed many things

which to-day we no longer believe. They believed that the earth is flat. We do not. And we have no idea that we dishonor them because we know some things of which they were ignorant."

"The internal evidence of the Bible proves its infallibility. There are no mistakes, no errors, no contradictions."

"On the contrary, as I read the book I found different authors holding various and more or less divergent opinions, and I discovered several mistakes in geography and other sciences. For instance, these people, like all other ancients, believed that the sun revolves around the earth. That is not infallibility."

"Sir, you are attacking the Bible."

"Not so, I am defending the Bible against your unfounded and irrational claims. I do not attack the Bible; I attack your assertions."

"Sir, you an infidel and will surely be damned."

"Sir, I wish you would leave me in peace that I may further enjoy this ancient and valuable book."

So he storms off, and we are glad to see him go, while we resume once more our reading of this collection of history, poetry, legend and philosophy, our new-found treasure. But we are not long to be left in peace, for soon another stranger passes our way. He also stops, and says: "Good afternoon. What do you find so interesting?" After our rebuff by the first inquirer we would be glad to find a sympathetic and rational soul. So we say: "I have here an ancient book; a collection of the literature of the Hebrew people, and I find it fascinating. It is called the Bible."

To our amazement, this man instantly grows very angry and cries, "It's a lie, a prodigious lie."

"Why, my friend, what is a lie?"

"The Bible!"

"The Bible a lie? What in the name of common sense do you mean? I tell you that here is a collection of the literature of a peculiar people, comprising all sorts of writing, covering fifteen centuries. Here are poetry, allegory, history, philosophy, fiction. You would not think of saying concerning a collection of English literature, or French literature, or Greek literature, 'It is a lie.' What do you mean?"

"I mean to say that the book ought to be destroyed. It ought to be burned. Did you read the first chapter? It teaches that the earth is the center of the universe, that the sun, moon and stars were made to give light to the earth, and for no other purpose. That is a lie. Burn the book."

"But, my dear fellow, Homer also believed that the earth is the center of the universe. Plato thought that the sun revolves about the earth. Virgil was quite sure that the earth is a continuous plane. All ancient people believed that. Would you burn all ancient literature?"

"But this book teaches that the world was made in six days."

"What of it? Is it not ridiculous for us to expect that a man living four thousand years ago should be acquainted with the results of modern scientific investigation, and, because he was not, call him a liar? Is it not interesting and instructive to learn how these fine old thinkers looked out upon the world?"

"Well, did you *read* in the second chapter about the creation of man out of the dust and the manufacture of woman from one of man's ribs? And that story of the talking snake, ridiculous stuff!"

"But it must be, friend, that you have small appreciation of the beauties of literature. Recall that fable which the good common sense of the world has treasured so long, about the fox and the grapes. The fox saw the grapes hanging over a high wall and cried, 'How delicious.' Then he tried to get them, only to discover that they were out of his reach. Whereupon he went his way, saying, 'They are sour, after all.' We know that no fox ever really talked like that, but such knowledge does not prevent our getting the truth taught by the fable or lead us to condemn Aesop as a liar or want to burn his work. Well, it seems to me that here is a similar story. Man is made out of dust! That is, man is ever climbing upward, from the dirt toward the sky. Woman is made from one of man's ribs; that is, a man and his wife are so essential to complete living that she is really a part of him, and he is a part of her. This strikes me not as a lie, but a sacred truth."

"But this book makes provision for slavery."

"To be sure. Slavery was one of the institutions of the ancient world. It would be wonderful indeed if we found no laws in this old book regulating that institution, although most of humanity has now grown through and away from slavery."

"But slavery is a crime."

"I agree with you."

"Then why don't you burn the book which authorizes slavery?"

"Because it shows me how these fine men of old grew away from slavery into something higher and better. What if they did believe in slavery? So would you and I if we had lived three thousand years ago. Undoubtedly we accept much to-day which the men of the future will think false and wrong. But it will not be fair for these men to condemn us who are making the best struggle we can against the social evils of our time, because, as a result of our efforts, they have a higher knowledge and a finer sensibility. There is much cruelty and savagery recorded in this book, but it is good to know what the race has grown through."

"Do you believe the story that a man once lived for three days in a whale's belly?"

"Certainly not. I think this is a bit of satire, written with subtle and biting humor. So interpreted it is fine."

"But your Bible is full of mistakes. Burn it!"

"Do you burn all books that contain mistakes? If so I fear there would soon be none left."

"There are passages in this book not proper for children to read."

"Shall we burn Shakespeare?"

"But the book has tyrannized over human minds and set back the wheels of progress."

"It is strange to assert that a book tyrannizes. I can well believe that the man with whom I was just talking, who would have every one believe in the infallibility of the book, is a tyrant. But it is too bad to blame the poor old book for the absurd claims made by fanatics on its behalf, claims that it does not make for itself."

Then cries our second acquaintance: "Sir, if you

believe that book you are the slave of superstition. You are manacled so that you can not think freely. You are a poor, ignorant, priest-ridden fool, and I will have no more to do with you."

With that, he stamps off after the first man, let us hope to fight it out with him, and we are even happier to see him go than we were at the departure of the first.

* *

I have tried in this way to set forth what seems to me a sane and sensible view of the Bible, a conception that is coming more and more to appeal to the minds and hearts of men.

Not dogma, but literature.

Not infallible, but invaluable.

Not without error, but full of truth.

Not supernaturally inspired, but supremely inspiring.

Not a manacle, but a staff.

Not a tyrant, but a friend.

Not an object to be superstitiously feared and blindly worshiped, but a record of noble thoughts of noble men, to be intelligently studied, conscientiously questioned, carefully criticised and loyally loved for the truth it contains and the good it has done.

Cruising Around a Changing World

XXXV The Claims of the Living and the Dead

John van Schaick, Jr.

MR. P. W. WILSON, the English correspondent whom I came to know and admire at the "Conference on the Limitation of Armaments" in Washington, wrote recently on "The Kingdom of Egypt" in the *World's Work* as follows:

> "Their greatest achievements (of the Pharaohs) the pyramids, like the greatest mosques built at a later date, were merely tombs; their most sacred volume was 'The Book of the Dead.' If the Metropolitan Museum in New York can exhibit the so-called toys of Egypt, four thousand years old, yet to-day still perfectly preserved, it was because these models were left, not for children to play with, but for the sole delectation of the dead. That the dead should survive was the aim of Egyptian chemists who so skilfully embalmed the mummies of human beings and of cats, crocodiles and other animals. The lesson that Egypt has had to learn is that even if the dead be immortal, the claims of the living also should be recognized. In no country has human life been held so cheap."

In vivid, forceful English, Mr. Wilson then describes the building of a canal between the Nile and Alexandria by Mehemet Ali, where 150,000 men were employed and 30,000 died under the lash; of the horrors endured by gangs of fettered serfs; of "the miserable hovels of the people," the frightful abuses of the slave trade, and of plagues "which halved populations" of great cities—1,200 deaths daily in Cairo and 100,000 swept away by plague in 1883.

The dead hand has paralyzed Egypt, not as with us when it ties up huge properties unintelligently, but through a philosophy and a religion which puts all of its energy upon respect for and care of the dead. Eventually all the various parts of man were to be reunited. Hence the importance of preserving the body for that great day.

While at some periods of history the Egyptian religion seems to have been an admirably simple monotheistic faith, and while it always held fast to a faith in immortality, it stands in striking contrast to the faith which grew up in Palestine near by. This emphasized service of the living rather than care of the dead. "Let the dead bury their dead." That would have been shocking to the Egyptians.

"Follow me." "Heal the sick." "Feed the hungry." "Clothe the naked." "Visit the bondmen." "Preach the gospel." "The Kingdom of God is here and now in your own hearts." "Make that Kingdom come and that will be done on earth as it is in heaven." If that philosophy and faith in all of its original simplicity could have dominated Egypt from the first century A. D. all Egyptian history would have been different.

In modern Egypt, especially since the British went in as "advisers" in 1882, the claims of the living have been considered as well as the claims of the dead. They have worked unceasingly for the preservation of the treasures of past generations, but they have put great emphasis on this generation. There is a new and striking regard for human life in general and for the individual woman, child and man in particular. The average Britisher doesn't talk much about his faith, but he acts as if he believed implicitly that we should "live soberly, righteously, and godly in the present world."

The captain and the staff captain of our ship had limited time ashore at Port Said, but they employed it going to the Assuan Dam and Reservoir at the first cataract, 590 miles up the Nile. They said, I am told, "Whatever the government may be the important thing in Egypt is water, and this dam is one of the modern wonders of the world."

Six thousand feet long, flanked by a navigation channel and locks another six thousand feet long, costing $25,000,000, it is designed to let the mighty Nile River pour through at full flood. In other words, the sluices let fifty-four million tons of water pass per hour. The reservoir is filled in November, December, and January, when the water is free from mud and when there is more than the farmers need. The stored water is let out gradually to supplement the summer supply of the river, which is insufficient for the crops. The construction of this dam is an illustration of the regard of the Government for the people.

The rise of water consequent on the building of the dam has submerged islands, covered temples and tombs, and destroyed something of the beauty of the rugged scenery. The island of Philae, for example, is now partly under water and must be visited in boats. But a vastly greater area can be irrigated by the Nile, and where perennial irrigation is established summer crops as well can be raised.

Under British advice or occupation, with Lord Cromer as Consul General, taxes were equalized, the strong were kept from seizing the water of the weak, the robber tax gatherers were eliminated. The *fellahin*, or peasant farmer, illiterate, but hard-working and well meaning, as essential to the life of Egypt as the sun, the soil, and the Nile, has had somebody looking out for him.

In the old days the peasants were marched off in gangs to work in the lands of the Khedive, or repair the embankments of the Nile, or do dredging. It was part of the tax, but it was slavery, and its administration was notoriously unfair. In one district the owners of 53,000 acres did all of this work, or *corvee*, for 145,000 acres. The others had pull and got off. The British influence abolished the entire system of enforced labor.

In the same way the British have curbed the plague, have dealt with the terrible scourge of child blindness, and have made Egypt "a health resort." None of us were alarmed when we read about an outbreak of plague up the Nile, for the safeguards of British doctors are still in force.

Egypt, which had a population of two or three million in the time of Napoleon, has a population of around 14,000,000 to-day. There is a new conception of the value of life, there is a new application of the results of modern science, there is a new idea of liberty.

Now the Egyptian question is not as simple as I have made it appear. All the years of the British occupation Turkey was the nominal ruler. When the British first intervened in Egypt in 1879, it was joint intervention with the French. The Khedive was bankrupt; England and France owned the canal bonds. It was merely foreclosing a mortgage. When, three years later, there was an insurrection, France sailed away and Gladstone, the leader of English democracy, ordered the bombardment of Alexandria. France had built the canal, had given her language to Egypt, and then failed to stand by and has been angry over it ever since.

The war, of course, changed the relation of England to Egypt. Egypt was a dependency of Turkey. The Khedive sided with the Sultan and England as a war measure deposed him, occupied the country and used Egypt as a base for the protection of the Suez Canal.

On the side of Egypt it must be said that through these years international treaties had made it possible for foreign wealth to escape taxation in Egypt. Likewise Mohammedan irritation at control by a Christian nation has been growing.

In Cairo we drove often by the royal palace, saw the huge Egyptian flag floating over it, the Egyptian soldiers on guard, and heard the gossip about King Fuad, who was crowned a year ago in February. In the British Parliament are members making speeches demanding that England, having consented to a new constitution, should leave Egypt bag and baggage immediately. Some of these speeches were published in full in Cairo papers while we were there. We were conscious of revolution in the air.

It is the problem of India, the problem of the Philippines, the problem of Ireland, over again with variations.

How fast shall we go?

Most domestic squabbles come over the time element in each of us. High speed and low speed husbands and wives win happiness and success in domestic matters by getting on a common basis. That is not so easy for radicals and conservatives and never will be until both sides develop imagination and love.

Another element in the situation is the dramatic fact that beyond Upper Egypt there lies a vast area extending to the Equator called the Soudan. Not Egyptian but British soldiers have kept the Soudanese from rolling over the Egyptians whom they hate.

On the frontier between Egypt and the Soudan is the dam—more important for Egypt than a king. Between the peninsula of Sinai and the rest of Egypt is the Suez Canal, eighty-seven miles long. As we sailed by the gigantic figure of De Lesseps at Port Said, the northern end, with the glasses we slowly spelled out the Latin inscription about the great work opening new countries for hundreds.

As England now withdraws from control of Egypt and as the Nationalists take hold of the country, England reserves the Soudan, the dam and the canal, not for her own profit, but, as she says, "for Egypt and for the rest of mankind." She keeps soldiers enough in the country to protect these interests and the lives and property of foreigners.

With no desire to plead her cause more than that of France or Belgium or Holland or any other country, I confess I do not see what else in honor she can do. I doubt if we could have made this voyage, or stayed in Cairo, if she had not been there. And yet since the accession of the King, twenty British soldiers have been assassinated. On Saturday night, while we were peacefully walking about Cairo, three bombs were thrown at British soldiers, all of which exploded, luckily without casualties.

I do not know what will come of it. Nor do I feel myself competent to discuss Mohammedanism. The Mohammedans of Egypt are the trouble makers and they are outsiders as well as the British and the French. In fact, from the days of the Pharaohs Egypt has always had foreign control. Alexandria is a memorial of the Greeks. In order, as Dr. Bartholow told us at our last Travel Club meeting, there followed Romans, Byzantines, Saracens, Turks, Mamelukes, French, British-French and British. All this is contrary to my theories. I believe in self-determination, in self-government, even when it is poorer government, in learning by doing, but I am not willing to see great public works like Suez, which belong to all of us, which in fact are already "internationalized," turned over to the fanatics who stab in the dark.

I saw where Roosevelt spoke on this subject when he came down the Nile out of Central Africa. It was in a little room now a part of the American University. The people who knew felt sure that he would never leave the room alive. They begged him to modify his speech. But he said what he had to say on assassination as a method of progress and on making themselves fit for self-government by self-control, and nobody shot him until he got back to our own United States.

The charge that the British may have done more in material ways for Egypt than in spiritual may be justified. They say in reply, "one thing at a time."

But nobody can question the illiteracy, the gross ignorance and the need.

Like all other tourists we have exclaimed over the "Mosque of el-Azhar"—the Mohammedan University. But anything more hopelessly backward from an educational standpoint would be hard to find. Twelve thousand students sit around and memorize the Koran. Now the Koran is well worth studying. So are the other old treatises on logic, jurisprudence, poetry and rhetoric, which they have. But think of young men living in this fascinating world given an education, kept in the institution for twenty years, as some of them are, without modern science, chemistry, physics, biology, modern languages, Greek or Latin, or even mathematics. It ought to make our college boys, in the darkest hours of examinations, go down on their knees in thanksgiving.

Modern educational work has been begun in this field by the American University. It is only three or four years old, has not yet come up to true university grade, but has met with a response which is amazing. From the beginning they have had more students than they could accommodate, practically all sons of Mohammedans. They have 300 to-day.

When we visited the school it was not in session, but we got hold of Professor McClenahan, who for over twenty years has been in the country and knows this difficult but hopeful field. The Board of Control is not sectarian, but the United Presbyterians seem to be the main force back of it, and it is a great credit to these sturdy, devoted Christian people. The headquarters of the Interdenominational Board in control is in Philadelphia.

"If Mecca is the heart, Cairo is the brain of the Mohammedan world. We are going after the brain." If they can continue to do it with tact, with sympathy, with breadth of view, with insistence on the leadership of Christ, recognition of the best in Mohammed, and a true university spirit toward the sacredness of all truth, and not import all the old dogmas of Christianity, what a future there is for them.

There are not many of us who did not study about Egypt as children—both in school and in Sunday school. No stories made deeper impression on our youthful minds than those centering around this ancient country.

Abraham came down into Egypt.

Moses was born in Egypt.

Egypt is the land of the Pharaohs, and we looked on the very faces of the Pharaoh of the oppression and of Rameses the Great, by such tragic reversal of fate brought from darkness to the full glare of publicity. We saw where tradition claims that Moses was drawn from the waters.

If any city in the world except London is a better place than Cairo for a student to spend some time studying history I do not know what it is. I am going back to Cairo. When Herodotus, the father of history, visited it it was very old.

No paper or series of papers can do justice to the Egyptian Museum. And we saw it with a guide who served the famous Egyptologist, the late Theodore Davis, for nine years, and who loves every corner of it. He was the one guide whom I saw refuse a generous tip offered by the wife of the conductor of our party.

He was so strict a Bible student that he was shocked when I told him that I did not believe that God commanded the children of Israel to borrow jewels of the Egyptians and not return what they borrowed. To him it was a great mystery, but it must be true. To me the wonderful stories were no less beautiful or inspiring because I separate the truth of God from the childish conceptions of the age.

Over Egypt, however, for the Christian, there falls the beautiful light of what we call "the Flight into Egypt." In literature or art nothing is more lovely. In the history, few incidents in the life of our Lord are more interesting. It is all so possible. It is all quite likely. Questioned though it has been by investigators, it is not hard to believe. One may be skeptical as one visits the Coptic Church. One is not skeptical when one reads the Bible or thinks about it. It is tragic that the holy places are in such custody. I am glad that Britain has the mandate for Palestine.

We went down to Abu Sirga, the old Coptic church of 859 A. D., built over a crypt chapel much older. We descended to the basement to see where Mary sat and where Joseph sat. "Here the holy family rested," said the guide. Up stairs there was wood carving. There was ivory work of some merit. There was some old glass. The church looked old and it was interesting in spite of beggars, guides and custodians. It was interesting as belonging to the Copts, a historic body, said to have sprung from the preaching of John Mark.

But the spot which we will remember was down in the dark passage among the foundations where that loving mother heart may have held the little baby close, and the seat of Joseph near by. Verily the sacred place is well put among the foundations. And whether it be biography or legend, it is sure that in places like it that little boy was cared for, "grew in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man."

On this ship in the midst of a fellowship of Catholics and Protestants and Jews which has grown increasingly close and beautiful, the one sad thing to a member of a so-called Liberal Church is that those who love Jesus so devotedly as the liberals do, who place him so high, who would give their lives to making his principles rule in government, in business and in individual human lives around the world, who themselves are struggling hard to live the Christ-life, who worship the one great God and Father whom Jesus worshiped, are put outside of the circle of worthy respectable evangelical Christians because they call Jesus divine instead of calling him God Almighty Himself.

Not in one word or act have I felt ostracism here. I have preached and lectured perhaps more than any other one person on board. The fellowship with the other ministers has convinced me that in essentials we agree perfectly. But it has been discouraging to find even one of these preachers arguing that Christ existed from all eternity and was himself the creator of the world. How can we ever win the Japanese, the Chinese, the Indians and the Egyptians with that kind of an involved, complex, theological conception? The missionary appeal can succeed only if made "with the simplicity that was in Christ." Egypt makes me sure of that.

Action and Reaction at the Institute of Politics

A Retrospect

Frank D. Adams

PERHAPS not all of us know that Williams College is the birthplace of the foreign missionary movement in America. That was one hundred and seventeen years ago. Just north of Chapin Hall, in the midst of a clump of beautiful trees, stands the Haystack Monument. It is a shaft of Berkshire marble, twelve feet in height, surmounted by a three-foot globe upon which are chiseled the outlines of the continents. Below the globe, on the eastern face of the shaft, are the words, "The Field is the World." Under this inscription is the rude representation of a haystack in relief, with this sentence encircling it: "The Birthplace of American Foreign Missions." Then follows the date, 1806, and the names of Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis and Byram Green.

This monument marks the site of the famous "haystack prayer-meeting." In 1806 there was a great revival in Williams College. The five young students whose names have been given were profoundly stirred. One Saturday afternoon they lay down in the shade of a haystack and discussed questions of theology which had been suggested by the meetings. This brought up the question of the salvation of the heathen people who had not heard the gospel; and four of the five young men then and there pledged themselves to the work of carrying the message of Jesus into foreign lands. At the close of their conversation they knelt in a prayer of consecration at the foot of the haystack. A few years later, as a direct result of this small beginning, was organized the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the forerunner of the scores of such bodies later formed in the Churches.

Fitting it is that a monument should be erected on this historic spot. It was with deep emotion that I drew near to the gleaming white shaft in the early twilight of my second evening at Williamstown. It was as quiet as on that other evening one hundred and seventeen years ago; but instead of the lowing of cattle the only sound audible was that of motor cars gliding along the superb Mohawk Trail not many rods distant. Quite appropriately the surrounding ground is still a hayfield. On the memorable evening of my visit to the shrine the new-mown hay, cut a few hours before and still lying in the swath, was filling the air with an odor sweet to the nostrils of every child of the soil. It was easy for the imagination to people the twilight with the spirits of those devoted boys who here started a world movement more significant than all the campaigns of Alexander or Napoleon.

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Has Williams College done an equally great thing in establishing the Institute of Politics? Quite as daring and original in its conception, it may well prove to be as far-reaching in its influence as the "haystack prayer-meeting." The first two years of its history, and especially the first, afforded ground for high hope. Has the third year sustained that hope?

Candidly, I have grave doubts. I have arrived at certain conclusions which are not at all the result of any snap-judgment. They are based upon long and mature reflection in the light of what I saw, heard and felt at Williamstown, to which has been added much later deliberation, with my note-books in hand and the mental pictures of those interesting characters standing up before me. Indeed, I had not been at the Institute forty-eight hours before the uneasy suspicion which is now a firm conviction was born. And I am going to write that conviction down with utter frankness. These conclusions have been arrived at without consultation with anybody. They are my own, and I assume all the responsibility for them.

I am far from believing that President Garfield and his Board of Directors intended it to be so, but the simple truth is that the conferences and round-tables were dominated by the exponents of the ancient policy of physical force. Each round-table had its general of the army or admiral of the navy, or both, among its members, which of course was right and proper. They did not ordinarily talk much; but they almost invariably had the last word. And they were listened to almost as if they were gods from Olympus. In the open conferences they constituted a quite formidable group, and the same phenomena were observed.

The effect, if not the deliberate purpose, of all this was to keep the deliberations of the Institute "safe and sane." The idealists were not permitted to run away with anything; and were being constantly assured that, while dreams of universal peace and brotherhood were fine things to cherish, there is yet but little room for them in a practical world. In the opinion of these apostles of force, the "mailed fist" is the only argument that really carries much weight. They are not to be criticised for holding such an opinion, and I do not challenge their right to argue for it. Their whole training and experience have been such that their minds are completely militarized. They do not think outside of their own groove. What I deplore is that their antiquated views should be received by cultured men and women in this age of transition with such evident submission and awe. There was no disposition to question or contradict.

I do not assert that the Institute was deliberately "packed." But the quite disproportionate number of representatives of the naval, military and other departments of state gave rise to some very interesting speculations. Anyhow, it was "supervised play" with a vengeance.

* *

Let me be specific and concrete.

Rear Admiral William L. Rodgers, chairman of the general board of the navy, was perhaps the most conspicuous representative of the naval arm of the service. He was a member of the round-table on the Conduct of Foreign Relations under Modern Democratic Conditions, and I had opportunity to study him at close range. And he was never absent from the afternoon open conferences. He is a typical old sea-

dog, a man with unfaltering faith in big guns, "the last argument of kings." The afternoon that Philip Kerr, of England, had as his subject, "How the World Is Managed To-day," Admiral Rodgers read a paper. In tone, spirit and diction it was aggressively militaristic. "I was at The Hague last winter," began the admiral, "and there visited the Palace of Peace." More than a touch of irony was in the last three words, and he paused at the conclusion of the sentence for the laugh which he felt sure would be forthcoming.

It came! Just why people generally should consider the Hague tribunal a humorous subject is quite beyond me. It hasn't established universal peace, to be sure. But to laugh at it is like laughing at the Golden Rule because it is not commonly applied in the affairs of men. Yet such an allusion as the one I have quoted will start a gale of merriment in almost any company. But maybe the cultured audience at Williamstown laughed purely out of politeness.

The admiral went on: "On approaching it I saw a colossal statue high above the entrance. It was a female figure which I took to be that of Law with the scales of justice in one hand and leaning with the other on a huge two-handed sword. So, thinking that Law would have to lay down her scales to wield her long-sword, I passed into the Palace of Peace. . . . It is too often thus with those who oppose war in all its aspects and hope to do away with war utterly. Within the week there has been an attempt to set apart a day for developing opinion on the text, 'Law, not War.' But the text is unsound, for war itself is an integral part of law. War is the agency whereby law is made to prevail where it is disputed by evil-doers, be they individuals or nations. . . . Popular language often embodies a conception of the public more truly than the formal precision of scholars and professional men, and every day we are reading in the papers of the 'war upon the boot-leggers.' The law has drawn its sword from its scabbard and is swinging it against the forces of disorder, or rather, in more modern parlance, it has 'pulled its gun,' and there is bloodshed. The new law has created a war in trying to reach a higher national standard of life. . . . We must not forget that in Alexander's time it took his sword to cut the Gordian knot. We know not when the sword may again prove to be the only way, although a dreadful one, to progress and to the preservation of ideals which we all desire to promote."

In the course of his address the admiral proved himself "orthodox" by quoting from the Bible, "The strong man armed keepeth his house in peace." Like all others of his type, he has faith in physical force only. Of moral power they have no conception and make no account. His argument was perfectly permissible as representing that point of view. It is worse than folly to refuse to listen to it. But it is not the final word! And the amazing thing to me was that in that company of more than two hundred intelligent, cultured persons not one offered a word in refutation or criticism of what Admiral Rodgers had said. Apparently it was all accepted as law and gospel. It was with some satisfaction that I read in the *Boston Herald* the following day a pungent editorial calling the admiral to book for his "loose thinking." "It is unqualifiedly untrue," said the *Herald*, "that 'war is the agency whereby law is made to prevail' when individual evil-doers are in question; it is just as untrue that war is such an agency when law is disputed by nations. Force may be an integral part of law, but not war; for war is a collective application of force in which the armies on one side assail the armies on the other, and often do this utterly apart from legal considerations. . . . It may some day be possible to make law prevail when it is disputed by evil-doing nations, but such coercion will not be war, for war is made possible, not by law, but by the absence of law and of the organization that goes with it. The originators of the slogan, 'Law, not War,' can afford to let the galled jade wince, for their withers are unwrung by the otherwise well-meant fulmination from Williamstown."

I have quoted Admiral Rodgers somewhat at length because it illustrates graphically the point I am laboring. But he was only one of a large number who shared and advocated the same philosophy. Admiral Huse was another naval representative who undertook to arouse the Institute to the menace of disarmament. Without perceiving his own lack of logic, he argued that the nations might *reduce* armaments by agreement, but they can not completely disarm by agreement. It is a pleasure to note that General Tasker H. Bliss had a more comprehensive grasp of the new and growing spirit toward war. He reveals much in this question: "Admitting all the good that any one can claim for war in the past, is it true or not that civilization is approaching the point where all these things will be more endangered by the unchecked forces working within itself, and, therefore, that war within itself is becoming more dangerous than profitable to civilization?"

But let no one conclude that there was not any sentiment running in the other direction, for there was. There was a round-table on the League of Nations. The following, from the *Boston Herald* of July 29, will be illuminating: "A difference of opinion arose at the round-table conference on the League of Nations. Royal Meeker, commissioner of the Pennsylvania department of labor and industries, who helped to organize the international labor office of the League of Nations, and recently returned from Geneva, is the leader of this round-table. He attempted to begin the discussion with a consideration of the disarmament question, but met with opposition from Rear Admiral Harry M. P. Huse, president of the naval examining board at Washington and commander of the Atlantic fleet train. Admiral Huse said that to open the discussion with disarmament would be putting the cart before the horse. He said the proper procedure was to discuss the League of Nations and what it could do to eliminate future wars, and then take up the disarmament question. 'We have many homicides in this country,' Mr. Meeker replied, 'because of the wide-open sale of firearms. If a youth has a pistol in his pocket he is going to use it. If he hasn't, he can't use it. I think disarmament is the first topic for our consideration.' 'I intend to keep my pistol in my pocket until the row is over,' said Admiral Huse. 'If we can learn how the League of Nations can stop the row, I shall be ready to scrap my pistol.' The other members of the group appeared to agree with Ad-

miral Huse, so that Mr. Meeker finally adopted his proposal and tabled the disarmament question for the present."

I suggest that the reader go back and scan that last paragraph very carefully again before going further. It contains the kernel, the substance and the argument of my contention.

The regular round-table proved quite inadequate for the asking and answering of questions, so three impromptu conferences were arranged, with Miss Sarah Wambaugh, who has been closely associated with the League of Nations since its inception, as the leader. Two of these I attended, and they proved intensely interesting. After the first, I made this entry in my diary: "The event of greatest interest to me to-day was an impromptu talk by Sarah Wambaugh on the League of Nations. I had just come from a conference on the problems of the Pacific, where everything I heard—Admiral Scofield spoke—seemed calculated to convince one of the certainty of endless wars; so it was a relief to have even a fleeting vision of something that may eventually relegate war to the scrap-heap." After the second, this is what I wrote down: "Another impromptu lecture by Miss Wambaugh to-day. But it was significant that none of the stand-patters or reactionaries were 'among those present.' Not one of the naval or military experts, whose word seems so weighty in the other conferences, was present."

* *

I am not writing this in any spirit of carping criticism. I am fully convinced of the rightness of my conclusion. I believe that the Institute of Politics this year was dominated by a very definite and well-organized spirit of reaction, and I believe furthermore that the forward-looking people of the country ought to know it. This feeling is not born of any spirit of "pacifism," or any foolish prejudice against military men as such. Nearly a year and a half of modest but hard and honorable service as an officer in the United States army during the World War ought to be sufficient defense against any such suspicion.

At Williamstown one fairly revels in literary tradition. The shades of such giants as Mark Hopkins, William Cullen Bryant, James A. Garfield, Eugene Field, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Washington Gladden and a host of others haunt the classic halls and environs of the college. One of the most cherished traditions is that Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" while seated in a lovely little ravine back of the college, known as "Flora's Glen." Bryant was then seventeen years of age and a sophomore. The facts seem to contradict the tradition, insisting that the poem was written while the youth was at home on a vacation. But, as long as nobody is being injured, why spoil a perfectly delightful tradition in the interest of profitless truth?

Late one afternoon I took a solitary walk out to "Flora's Glen." It is the loveliest spot imaginable, and I enjoyed all the emotional thrills the place is supposed to stimulate. The sun was sinking behind the Berkshires as I made my leisurely way back toward my dormitory. I was meditating upon the immortal lines of America's greatest poem, which was inspired, no doubt, if not actually written, in the midst of these very scenes. "The open sky" was looking serenely down upon me; "the hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," stood like tireless sentinels on every hand, their shadows gradually pouring the valleys full of ghostly twilight. It was an altogether delicious mood, with nature speaking her "various language."

But just as I passed a little cottage at the foot of the hill, near the outskirts of the village, my musings were suddenly interrupted. A player-piano struck up, stridently and with deadly rhythm, the tune of "Barney Google, with his goo-goo-googly eyes." I awoke with a start, realizing that we are living in a different age.

And, indeed, it is better so; for this is the greatest age, yes, the most romantic age, the world has ever known. The poets of the future will so immortalize it.

Detroit, Mich.

This Is Orthodoxy

Henry R. Rose

THE Rev. William Pierson Merrill of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, writing in the *Christian Century* for August 16, 1923, on "Fundamentals," acknowledges himself a "liberal Evangelical." He goes on to state that "most religious liberals" in the Evangelical Churches hold to the following Fundamentals: "The authority of the Bible, the deity of Jesus Christ, the efficacy of his saving life and death, the reality of his resurrection, and his present living leadership of his people."

He states that the illiberal or conservative wing of Orthodoxy holds that the following dogmas are fundamental: "Not only the spiritual authority of the Bible but the 'inerrancy of its original manuscript;' not only the deity of our Lord, but his birth from a virgin; not only the efficacy of his life and death, but a substitutionary theory of his death, and the necessity of salvation by his blood; not only his continued life after his death, made known to his followers, but a physical resurrection of the same body of his flesh; not only his spiritual presence with his Church but the certainty of his coming again in bodily form."

Universalists are thus able to see present-day Orthodoxy in its complete light. Thus we discover that our denomination has a unique mission still, as we agree neither with the so-called "liberals" nor "fundamentalists" in the other Churches. We reject entirely the "Fundamentalist" dogmas, and the "Liberalist" dogma of the "deity of Jesus Christ," we hold to his strict humanity. We believe in "the divinity of Jesus," but hold it to be utterly different from his "deity." "Deity" makes him God. "Divinity" makes him like unto God. With the other doctrines of the "Liberals" we are in accord, but we go a decided step beyond them in affirming "the ultimate salvation of all men," which lifts "the

saving efficacy of Christ's life and death" to its highest possible consummation.

There is no Church in Christendom which stands on the Universalist ground but the Universalist Church. Our mission is just as unique, imperative and thrilling as it was when our fathers took up the fight for a really liberal Christianity.

Newark, N. J.

Universalist Belief in Hell

Harry Adams Hersey

THE Book of Proverbs (11 : 21), assures us that "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished."

St. John (3 : 19) gives us Jesus' definition of damnation. "And this is the condemnation: that light is come into the world and men love darkness rather than light."

There is no fact more certain than that sin, a conscious, personal, voluntary disobedience to law (and there is no other kind of sin), is always punished. In all God's works we see sin and penalty inseparably connected. Before the Bible was written, and in lands where it is not known, God has shown that virtue brings rewards and vice penalties.

The Holy Bible teaches repeatedly and emphatically the inescapable truth that always and everywhere God punishes sinners certainly and terribly. No teacher surpasses Jesus in dramatic and effective emphasis upon this point.

All Christians believe what the Bible teaches. Not all believe all that it teaches, but no person can reject or minimize its teaching concerning sin and its punishment without doing such violence as to destroy the value of the Bible as a book of revelation and authority.

Universalists firmly believe in the third article in their "Profession of Belief" (creed), "The Certainty of Just Retribution for Sin." In fact they alone believe in its absolute certainty. Partialists (all others than Universalists) believe that the punishment for sin is not certain.

The vilest sinner may, by an "acceptance of Christ," be at once and forever free from the penalties for his past sins. By a great "transaction," that which would be illegal, dishonest and unthinkable in human penology and courts, the transferring of guilt from a guilty to an innocent person, is said to be effected, and the sinner, though years in sin, goes free.

But the Universalists believe that this can not be so. That which is essentially unjust in men can not be just in God. Therefore Jesus is the Saviour from sin but not from penalty. The penalty is sure, and, under a just God, necessary.

In fact, under the great divine law punishment most is felt when forgiveness is freely received. The Prodigal did not consciously suffer while his money held out and he lived riotously. It was when his father forgave him, honored him, rejoiced over him, and he knew he was unworthy, it was then that his suffering began, and undoubtedly lasted for years. He could not forgive himself. Even God can not or at least will not wipe out this law in our very being, which causes us to suffer most when we look back upon our sins, forgiven, indeed, but their penalties not canceled.

"Go, and sin no more," saves us from sin; but, ah, how bitter our remorse and shame, truly a consuming fire!

When we say "just retribution" for sin we mean precisely that. God is just. Justice is what is owed to a man. The partialists do not believe this. They believe in "unjust retribution."

God is Love as well as Justice, and Love sees that Justice is done. Now nowhere else, at least, in God's creation, as we know it, does a sin bring undue punishment. A fall of one foot does not injure us as a fall of ten feet. A light touch on a hot stove does not burn us as does prolonged contact. Unless God changes as we have no reason to expect "Him who changeth not" to change, the penalties for moral and spiritual sins must also be in proportion to the offense.

Therefore punishment must last as long as is just, and as long as a wise love demands. If sin were everlasting, punishment would be. But in that event God would be the worst sufferer. It is not capable of proof, and it is contrary to reason to suppose, that any soul will sin eternally. Therefore it will not merit eternal punishment.

Everlasting punishment is not only inconceivable, but the Bible does not teach it unless ancient and present authorities, and the desire of the human heart, are in error.

Do you know that by the first five centuries of the Christian era the doctrine of everlasting punishment was almost unknown?

At that time the great church fathers, so near to the time of Jesus, with so much better copies of the Bible than we now possess, were the authorities in matters of doctrine, and around them centered the so-called "schools." There were six of these great schools. Four of them taught universal salvation (see Catholic Encyclopedia and other authorities). One taught the annihilation of the wicked. Only one taught everlasting punishment.

Universalism, say many historians, was therefore the prevailing doctrine in the first five centuries until condemned by a Roman Catholic Council 500 years after Christ.

Not only this. In all centuries there have been many believers in universal salvation (Saul of Tarsus among them). Singularly (?) enough they have been men of great intellect, high moral character, and great human sympathies, men who were good because they loved righteousness, not because they feared hell. (If a man gives up his money at the point of a gun, do you call him a generous man? No! Then if a man is good because the flames of hell make him afraid to be bad, is he good? No!)

To-day we find Universalists in large numbers amongst Congregationalists, Episcopalians (notably and most emphatically the late Dean Hodges), Presbyterians and other denominations. All the Christian Scientists are Universalists in theology.

The latest and best translations of the Bible and New Testament translations used by even the most

orthodox teachers, treat the descriptions of hell and damnation as follows:

The American Standard Version leaves the word "hell" out of the Old Testament and uses "sheol," meaning "grave or place of the dead." It leaves it out of the New Testament in many places and uses "hades," meaning the same as "sheol." Thirteen times it translates Gehenna (which means the fires in the valley of Hinnom, outside Jerusalem), "hell," but puts a marginal alternative "Gehenna."

Weymouth's New Testament which the Presbyterian theological professors in the University of Chicago call "the best translation yet," and Moffatt's widely accepted new translation, do not use "hell, damnation, everlasting, or endless punishment."

As to the place of punishment. This need not concern us if we realize that spiritual beings, disembodied as we shall be when we have returned "earth to earth," do not require "standing room" or "places" as we do. Without physical bodies we can not feel physical pain. When my nervous system is under ground, not even a real fire can burn me. The flames around the martyr's stake have been powerless in many a case as the triumphant soul has taken its departure with a "face shining like an angel," and with songs of ecstasy and victory. How much less could any real and chemical hell touch a soul! Not a "place" therefore, but a "condition," awaits us. Just as here we may be happy in a realm, not of equally righteous saints, but unequal souls struggling upward. Surely we go to death tremendously unequal. And if, as some loudly assert, there is no "change after death," we must carry our inequalities. And if there is a change, it must be, as it is here, orderly and progressive.

Think of the noble souls in hell if only the partialists go to heaven, and the Universalists and Unitarians are lost, in addition to the great men who have not been "Christian" or "saved" according to popular theology. Abraham Lincoln not "a Christian," not "saved," not a "church member," not "accepting Christ." How can he escape everlasting damnation if partialism be true?

Among the liberals were Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Ralph Waldo Emerson (Unitarian minister), William H. Taft, Horace Mann, Charles W. Eliot, Mary A. Livermore (Universalist minister's wife), Julia Ward Howe, Clara Barton (Universalist), Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Holmes, Browning, Tennyson, Edward Everett Hale, Horace Greeley, Lillian M. N. Stevens (Universalist S. S. teacher twenty years), Bancroft, Hawthorne and hosts of others. If the ordinary Christian theology be true, then by no possibility can one of these eminent leaders and servants of the race be elsewhere than in the everlasting flames of hell. At all events they did not qualify for salvation according to accepted standards.

The truth is that there has been a flood in hell and it has extinguished the fires. The rising tide of modern knowledge, human feelings and common sense has engulfed hell. No wonder that the professional revivalist roundly scolds his brethren in the pulpit for not believing, or at least not preaching, hell and everlasting woe. If he believes it himself, I can not understand how he can ever preach anything else. No man who really believes in everlasting damnation in hell could be silent. But there is silence, nearly universal. Empty pews would bear witness to the rebellion that the old doctrine would occasion. A pale ghost of a hell that was may be raised up, now and again, but never again will children go shrieking to bed, afraid of God and His wrath, and never again will any but a few cowards be good because they fear the fires of hell if they are bad.

Was not Jesus right when he said, "This is the condemnation (damnation) that men preferred darkness rather than light?" We see men in hell and hell in men in all our daily walks. The grafter is despised and one knows his own iniquity. The debauchee is filled with loathesome diseases, suffers mental, moral and physical degeneracy and departs a life of shame when his course is half run, to awaken under the severity of Love to spend years in repentance and remorse, which will burn the more deeply in proportion as grace is experienced. The narrow, selfish, mean, materialistic souls—verily they have their reward (which is punishment). To achieve heaven and to be unfit for it, this is hell indeed and hell enough.

Unless God is to fail man must succeed. From the beginning till now God has repeatedly avowed His universal fatherhood and His determined purpose to save all men. "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth. I have sworn by myself. The word has gone out of my mouth in righteousness and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow and every tongue shall swear."

Jesus says, "I will draw all men to me." Nobody can "explain away" that "all" and make it mean "all who will."

We see men born in iniquitous homes, drunk from birth, low, vile, corrupt, suddenly (and it is at once the glory of man and glory of God that we are capable of this) and at once turn over a new leaf and live sober and creditable Christian lives. If God can do that here, in a man who has never before known a sober or decent moment, weighed down by a besotted and diseased body, what can He not do in all eternity with Jesus Christ and all the holy angels to help Him, and working upon a soul no longer entombed in a body of death?

That God wishes to but can not save all is unthinkable. That God can but will not save all is even more so. But that God can and will is the earnest hope of most partialists and the sublime and confident belief of all Universalists.

God has given all things into the hand of Christ who at the last day shall deliver up to the Father all that He has given him and God shall be all in all. There shall be "one fold, one Shepherd." Anything less is the failure of Love. But "Love never faileth."

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

Books to Buy or Borrow

Spiritual Energies in Daily Life*

RUFUS M. JONES is professor of Philosophy at Haverford College, president of the Board of Trustees of Bryn Mawr, chairman of the American Friends Service Committee, and author of several books like "The Inner Life," "The World Within," "Studies in Mystical Religion," etc.

For years he had been more widely known and read in England than in the United States, but since the war his books have had an increasing sale in this country.

The titles of his books and the list of his activities seem to contradict the common assertion that a man must choose between a life of action and one of contemplation. Rufus Jones brings the two things together. In this new book "Spiritual Energies" and "Daily Life" both appear in the title.

Rufus Jones was struck by an automobile last February, hurled fifteen feet, three ribs crushed in and the bones of one leg broken in several places. He retained consciousness and remarked calmly as he was picked up, "I believe I have broken my leg." The spiritual energies he writes about seem to be adequate for his own life. And when a man of action speaks of spiritual themes he speaks with a power no merely contemplative man can attain.

The great thing about this book is the note of certainty.

Without being dogmatic, one is conscious that he is in the presence of a man who knows God. "The invisible eternal Christ living in the soul of man" (his definition of the Holy Spirit) "revealing his will in moral and spiritual victories, is as genuine a fact as electricity." "Grace is as much a reality as mountains are." "The streams of moral power and the Spiritual Energies that have their rise in good persons are as much to be respected facts of the universe as are the rivers that carry ships of commerce."

In his introduction he defines religion as energy. He says that a religion "that makes no difference with a person's life, that does nothing, may be treated as if it did not exist." Jesus was always using the word power, not in the sense of "ten legions of angels" who would sweep his enemies out of his path, but "in reference to an interior moral and spiritual energy of life." St. Paul used often the word *"dynamos,"* the Greek word for power.

These energies are "mighty spiritual forces from outside" and "potential energies within ourselves."

For Paul the grace of God, the unlimited sacrificing love of God, revealed in Christ, is the "supreme spiritual energy of the universe," but just as important is "the simple human energy that meets it, and makes it operate in the sphere of the moral will."

The book deals largely with these energies locked up in each one of us.

Faith itself is an energy. It is not simply believing something. "It is the moral attitude and reponse of will to the character of God as it has been revealed in Christ."

And as the author says truly: "Not often in the history of the modern world certainly, have spiritual energies seemed more urgently needed than to-day. Our troubles consist largely now of failure to lay hold of moral and spiritual forces that lie near at hand and to utilize powers that are within our easy reach."

One of the best of his sub-chapters is on "What we Want Most." The driving, pushing man, ambitious for wealth or position, reaches a place where he is unsatisfied. "You will find that he knows perfectly well that he is missing something. Unrest and disquiet get smothered for long periods in a mass of other aims and some men hardly know that they have such a thing as an immortal soul hidden away within. . . . But when the hard games of life prove losing ones, when the stupidity of striving so hard for such bubbles comes over him, when a hand from the dark catches away the best earthly comfort he had, when the genuine realities of life assert themselves over sense, he wakes to find himself hungry and thirsty for something which no one of his earthly pursuits has supplied or can supply. He wants God. He wants peace. He wants to feel his life founded on an absolute reality."

Dr. Jones takes up the case of the man who seeks peace by trying to solve all his intellectual difficulties and finds new fields always before him, the person who misses the peace of God by going after it directly to the exclusion of other things, the people working for the good of others who miss it by their hurry and worry and "carrying themselves."

While the author is dealing fairly and clearly with the forces within us, suggestion, auto-suggestion, personal manifestations of sympathy, confidence, love, the difficulties of life that arouse us and bring out our best, the theme back to which he constantly goes and on which he is most eloquent is "the power that worketh in us." "Where the Beyond Breaks Through," "Conquering by an Inner Force," "Living in the Presence of the Eternal," are the sub-headings for the chapter on this subject.

"Things Present and Things to Come" is a delightful little essay on the practical men who see only the things close at hand and the idealists who see only the things far off. The author makes an appeal for the "both" method of living our lives instead of "the either or" method "which leaves its trail of leanness behind it" and makes life "thin and narrow" when it might be "rich and broad." Both "this world and the next," "the here and the yonder," "the flesh and the spirit," "faith and reason," "sacred and secular," "outward and inward," ought to be ours.

The "essential truth" of Christianity Dr. Jones asserts to be "Christ the God revealed in man." Defining Christianity thus he does not confine himself to the teaching and work of Jesus. It is important to go back to Jesus, but that is not enough. "Christianity is God humanly revealed"—the revelation of God through personal life. Important as is the backward look to Jesus the big thing is "the inward ex-

*Spiritual Energies in Daily Life, Rufus M. Jones. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

perience of the invisible, spiritual Christ to-day." "If this is the right clue, Christianity is not a new law, nor an institution, nor a creed, nor a body of doctrine, nor a millennial hope. It is a type of life. It is a way of living. The essential thing about it is the fact of the incursion of God into human life." Jesus is "the most complete and adequate exhibition of the incursion of God into human life," but only the beginning. The Christ revelation of God in humanity goes on now and this Christ revelation of God is God so far as we can know Him at all.

Universalists take no exception to these definitions except that they would be inclined to put the word "religion" in place of the word "Christianity," and start the process not with Jesus but with the first sentient being conscious of God.

To Universalists Christianity is the greatest of all revelations of God in human life. It is the thought of God and man which Jesus held and lived. To be Christian is to follow Jesus in conscious fellowship with God and in love of man.

But no use of the powerful Christ motive or of the unfolding Christ ideal will ever leave Universalists unresponsive. They know that there is power in the use of the word "Christ" lacking in an abstract search for perfection and lacking in some scientific definitions of God.

Rufus Jones uses the word Christ in this book, not to keep himself regular or popular, and not as authority for the old dogmatic theology, but to make clear an idea of God which seems to him hard to express in any other way.

The book is a useful piece of work. It ought to lie in the study by the book of daily devotion.

The Tired Minister

By One of Them

THE minister was tired. Tired of making sermons. Tired of materialism, and movies, and automobiles. Tired of trying to speak hopefully amid the pessimism and discouragement that fill all minds.

In a moment of madness, he had yielded to pressure and promised to go to the Northfield Conference of Religious Education. "Not my idea of a vacation. Why am I doing it?" he muttered to himself as he took the train. The place was lovelier than he had expected. What can surpass the Connecticut Valley with its rising hills, the shining stream, and the fertile intervale? But rising bell at 6.15 a. m.! And classes all morning called by that clanging bell! A moment of madness, indeed!

But as the mists rise and scatter that next morning, and the sun gilds all the scene, the minister's heart begins to sing:

"This is my Father's world,
And to my listening ears,
All nature sings and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world,
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere."

Now he sits in the psychology class. "Action patterns of discharge," "the integration of personality," "psycho-analysis," "psycho-synthesis"—an unfamiliar vocabulary. On his registration slip was the question, "What previous work in psychology have you had?" The tired minister wrote, "College course in the '90's," with a strong inward suspicion that such almost forgotten knowledge is sadly out of date. There has never seemed to be time to read psychology since. But presently he gets the clue. The unfamiliar phrases assume a meaning. This is a master who is talking. It begins to fascinate—fitting this new vocabulary to experiences well understood. Here is an explanation of that which tormented. Here justification of an unexplained faith. There a hint for a sermon. The rusty old thinking machinery begins to move. "Perhaps I can preach again."

Or a student of sociology describes the transition taking place before our eyes from one way of making a living to another, with all its resulting problems of adjustment. It happened back in Old Testament times, in the change from nomadic life to the agricultural, and then to the life in cities, and Samuel and the long procession of seers helped the people adjust themselves. Is that the task of the Church to-day? Are materialism, and movies, and automobiles, the challenge to the religious leader to-day, as were the luxury of Solomon's reign and the youthful folly of Rehoboam to earlier prophets?

An evening of music sets free a soul imprisoned by jazz and clanging street cars. Stunt Night gives the healing of laughter to tired nerves. An Old Testament play with costuming in oriental colors, given in the fading daylight merging imperceptibly into electric lighting, holds eight hundred people spellbound. Who ever could forget that tall and stately Isaac, gathering the beautiful Rebecca under "the banner of love," as they speak to each other in the language of the Song of Songs?

So the week moves on, and where is the tired minister? Up at the rising bell, for it isn't good form to be late to breakfast. Hurrying over the campus with an armful of textbooks and notes, glorying in this new mental alertness. Joining with zest in the meal-time songs and cheers, eager to get assignments written, for who wants to fail of credit?

He isn't a tired minister at all. He is a student once more, knowing again the delights, the stimulus, the fellowship of student life. He watches the faces of the girls and boys. Boy Scouts, Camp-fire members, young teachers from home Sunday schools, all filled with the joy of learning, the passion for service. He sees men and women of his own generation sloughing off care and discouragement, renewing their minds, calming their souls in this atmosphere of hope. He does not forget the dreary heart-breaking world, nor his own share in its burdens. But every hour gives him a new readiness to face his tasks, as keen thinking, and happy play and jolly fellowship renew a right spirit within him.

And every hour reassures him that the world is not doomed to destruction. Its diseases are many

its dangers great, but this group is only one of many eager to understand its problems and to give themselves to its saving. Here is the kernel of a new world, in these brave and hopeful hearts, consecrated to the high mission of religious education. By their knowledge shall many be justified. As he takes the homeward train, his heart again is singing:

"This is my Father's world,
O let me not forget
That though the wrong seem oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.
This is my Father's world,
The battle is not done,
Jesus who died shall be satisfied,
And earth and heaven be one."

What Our People Are Thinking

FROM A CALIFORNIA LEADER

IT is not easy to answer the request of the Board of Trustees of the General Convention for suggestions for a program for our Church for the next five or ten years. Any program that may be formulated must be somewhat like the railroad schedules, "subject to change without notice"—for world events, like the Great War in 1917-18, are liable to come unexpectedly and upset all calculations. And yet some sort of steady policy is a necessity, with consistency and continuity in the thoughts and aims of our people; only it must *grow* logically out of our history and our present work.

1. So far as I can see, the first thing for us to do, throughout our Zion, is to "strengthen the things that remain." Our denominational forces during the last fifty years have suffered an enormous shrinkage in some respects. We have only a few churches for so vast a country. Let us take care of them all, by good pastorates, and from each of them as a center work outward by our influences as best we may be able.

2. Of course where openings occur *and the need is real*—probably in the South mostly—we should establish new centers, chiefly for the purpose of rendering a positive, constructive service to mankind in each field. We ought not, however, to duplicate work already being done by other liberal agencies.

3. The Japan Mission should be steadily and earnestly sustained, if for no other reason because it is our foot-hold and medium for promoting a true understanding and real friendship between Japan and America, thereby helping most effectually to preserve the peace of the world.

But I believe we ought increasingly to invest money in bringing capable, consecrated young Japanese to this country for education and association with our churches, and sending them back to be leaders in Japan; and eventually we should withdraw most of our American workers. The Universalist Church of Japan must be, ultimately, a *Japanese* Universalist Church.

4. It would be well if we could have some Universalist Japanese workers among the Japanese people on our Pacific Coast, as the Congregationalists and doubtless other communions have. I have met a few of the latter, and they have a wonderful opportunity.

5. In all this work, everywhere and always, we need to cultivate and promulgate the large, truly liberal, kindly spirit which legitimately belongs to our people and their teachings; and this will necessarily imply a world view of Christianity and humanity consonant with our largest conceptions and our most exalted faith. We should be at the forefront in this noblest of services.

In this connection I may add that I think the *Leader* is our chief instrumentality for making us known to the outside world, as well as for educating and really *leading* our own people; and the present high character of the paper should be maintained at any reasonable cost.

6. I believe, too, that we ought to be making a much larger use of other forms of literature, practically of new tracts and books. We are not giving to the world anything like our proper share of progressive Christian literature, both scholarly and popular. Our deficiency in this respect is deplorable.

7. I am beginning to be doubtful about the wisdom of the Washington Memorial Church project. It is altogether too costly for our small communion—*unless* there are to be some *very large* individual gifts by our wealthy people.

But I am *not* doubtful about the Perin-Cate Home in Tokyo. That investment will yield living returns.

8. Finally, in all we do we must look forward to the slow growth of fellowship and co-operation among the liberal progressive religious forces of our age, and must gladly help to promote this wherever we can. Our small denominational communions must sometime coalesce. They are too wasteful and too inefficient to continue forever as they now are.

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FROM ANOTHER EDITOR

IN the first place I should say: Scrap the Memorial Church proposition. It is an unnecessary drain upon our churches. It is very likely to be a failure anyway.

Secondly, if a financial drive is necessary, make sure that it is for the smallest possible amount. Some of the expansion made possible by the last drive was unwise, but a great part of the new work should be continued. Apparently this means that there's got to be a drive, but let's keep it down.

Having despatched financial affairs as far as possible, let us devote ourselves to the matter of a program. Here I have certain definite proposals.

1. Peace: Put the influence of the denomination at work building up machinery to prevent war; urge upon the ministers their duty of replacing war-psychology with peace-psychology.

2. Industrial Relations: Keep the doctrine of universal brotherhood in the foreground; put a commission to work studying how it can be applied.

3. Co-operation: Keep before every Universalist the idea that the community-organized church is the desirable one; make it clear that Universalists are willing to co-operate and even to federate with other denominations; in all propaganda try to spread

Universalist ideas rather than to advertise the Universalist denomination as such.

4. Ministry: Raise the standards in every theological school, thus raising the quality of the men in the ministry; do not encourage misfits in the ministry.

5. *Leader:* Once a definite program has been prepared, use the *Leader* to put it across; this does not mean that every article in the paper has got to support the program; on the contrary there should be dissenting articles, but the spirit of the paper should be in line with the program.

6. Religious Education: Treat this phase of our work more seriously than it has been treated in the past; get experts and put them to work both in our offices and in the preparation of Sunday school helps.

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FROM A MINISTER IN SIGHT OF THE GOLD DOME

HERE is another statement of an affirmation of purpose:

"In the spirit of Jesus we unite ourselves to learn God's laws and to practise the realities of the spiritual life; to radiate the spirit of world-wide human brotherhood; and to serve the common weal according to the Golden Rule."

In the field of action I have this radical thought. We should cease missing the mark by stopping the campaign to build churches—that is, new ones. Jesus didn't build churches. If we are to be satisfied with an affirmation of purpose instead of dogmatizing, then let our present constituency (our present group of churches) become exclusively engaged in working out the affirmed purposes, and in preaching effectively the spiritual message, orally and on paper and through fellowship with other organized groups. Our energy should be put into creating effective leadership through commissions on International Good Will, Friendship, and "Law not War;" on Inter-Racial Good Will, Understanding, and Fellowship; on Urban and Rural Common Weal; on Human Welfare through Progress in Economic Organization, etc. These commissions should be most effectively manned with our own leaders plus even outsiders as opportunity will allow. They should be adequately financed so as to publish literature, maintain speakers' bureaus, send fraternal delegates, conduct institutes, etc. Other commissions would serve as clearing houses on the progressive correlations of science in all its branches with religion, on psychotherapy, etc.

The power to be acquired by carrying out such a plan and scope of action would demand extension work outside our present churches. Let us do that with all possible energy and acumen, by printer's ink and by well-organized preaching missions. But let the latter enroll individuals, even members of other churches who may wish to stay put but at the same time become associate members of our Church because of sympathy with and appreciation of what we are trying to do. The same is being practised by John Holmes' Community Church. Let us not *try* to start new churches. If a group develops in a community ardent enough to demand organization, very well. We could get far-reaching support financially and otherwise from a host of individuals—if we were rightly set-up at Headquarters. Obviously this is somewhat like the very successful methods of propaganda used by the Christian Science Church. The same methods have been used by a host of movements and organizations of many kinds. The glorious feature would be our ultra-Christian purpose and our disinclination to practise self-seeking by the competitive method.

* *

FROM ONE OF THE ELDER STATESMEN

I AM particularly concerned by the suggestion that the Washington church project is to be brought into the region of discussion, as a project. I do not know how widespread is the questioning temper, but the enterprise is far more likely to fail because of vacillation than because of opposition in some quarters. Our whole Church would be put in a humiliating position if so large an undertaking, entered upon with so high hopes and such appearance of appreciation of its meaning, should be prosecuted timidly. It may be that it has so far grown beyond what was originally comtemplated, and is to cost so much more, as to call for a new declaration of faith and purpose. The Board knows about that better than I do. But, in my judgment, it would be unwise for the Board merely to submit the question to the Convention *without a statement*, bold, constructive and confident, *of its own conviction*. It seems to me the Board should do one of two things: either announce that it is going through with the thing on the lines laid down, or announce that it will ask *and expect* the Convention to ratify the $500,000 expenditure, which is doubtless more than any one had in mind at Detroit.

It seems to me that the Board should assume a definite leadership at this juncture; and if the question is to be referred to the Convention at all, as an open question, it should not merely ask for instructions, but definitely state what instructions it wants, and believes it ought to receive. The bane of democracy in its present-day aspects is the assumption that administrative officials are merely subservient carriers-out of the popular will; they should be responsible initiators of measures that the people ought, in their judgment, to will, willing to stand or fall by the results.

The Washington church enterprise started in a burst of enthusuasm. That was fine and expressed a sound instinct. The plans have been well-conceived. We have put before us a scheme architecturally sound, suited to practical uses, symbolically suggestive, and appealing to imagination. The structural trinity —"House of Worship, House of Study, House of Service"—is a stroke of genius. As one of the men in my church said, the idea has only to be stated and interpreted to be heartily approved. Now the inevitable timidities and oppositions and disgruntlements of a diverse constituency are revealing themselves, as they were bound to do. What the enterprise needs *now* is championship in high places, bold partisanship, the voice of an attorney for the prosecution. And that voice should come from the Board of Trustees.

I am not opposed to a reference to the Convention if it is done in that spirit. In fact, it may be,

very likely would be, a wise stroke, and the hearty response to a bold championship might give the movement an impetus and an intelligent support that would more than compensate for the incidental delay. But, I beg of the Board, let it be done in that spirit, not in the spirit of "Dear children, we are not sure what you want: please tell us, for we are your servants." That is not the way victories are won, politically or ecclesiastically.

To sum it all up—let the Board say something clearly and positively *now*, either that it is going ahead (with a bit of the "Damn the torpedoes" temper), or that it is going to ask the Convention to reaffirm the plan—and state what plan and that it is committed to its championship.

* *

FROM A BIG BUSINESS MAN

WITH regard to our "policies regarding home and foreign missions" I would say this: When the mission in Japan was undertaken, I thought it was a serious mistake, and I never changed my mind. This mission has had only beggarly support and has at present only a beggarly equipment. The Church is fully committed to this enterprise, and better support should be given it at all hazards.

Concerning "religious education" and "young people's work," too much can not be done. Mr. Hempel at Lynn and Miss Slaughter in Haverhill are doing work wholly to be commended, and the movement should be made as wide-spread as possible.

In regard to *home* missions, I would select a few locations where the field is reasonably promising and give full backing.

In connection with "social service," I would make some *good Universalists* who will give good social service, but I would attempt nothing in an organized form.

Good Universalist preaching from any pulpit will call for "*international peace*," and will not be indifferent to problems concerning it. I do not think that any organization whose purpose is to deal with "*internationalism*," as such, is called for.

Concerning the "Memorial Church" at Washington, I question somewhat whether such an institution would ever be self-supporting or command a wide attendance, and question whether such a church will not be a permanent load upon the denomination.

* * *

A PRESBYTERIAN ON FOSDICK

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

We are living in a transitional period. Not only are political governments going through a time of ferment and change, but theological systems as well. You are doubtless aware from reports in the press and other sources, of the fight that was waged in the recent General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church between the forces of modernism and medievalism. The conflict was precipitated by the preaching of Dr. Fosdick in New York. With the outcome you are probably familiar. Thinking you might find something of interest to the large constituency of your readers in the enclosed clipping from the *Buffalo Express*, I send it to you for such use as you may see fit to make of it.

The Rev. Mr. Howland is by no means alone in his protest against the reactionary tendency of the Assembly in regard to freedom of thought and expression in the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church. The Buffalo Presbytery within the last few months voiced informally its approval of Dr. Fosdick's utterances. Dr. Robert J. MacAlpine of the Central Presbyterian Church of this city preached a sermon on Sunday evening, June 3, dealing with the questions of liberalism and evolution in the Church he represents. From the report of that sermon I quote these extracts:

"The decision of the Assembly in condemning the preaching of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick of New York was not the voice of the Church leadership. Ninety per cent of the Church leaders voted against the resolution. Further, I am sure a sweeping majority of the 1,700,000 Presbyterian church members in the United States are also opposed to it.

"It was fortunate that the Assembly decided as it did in the Fosdick controversy. *It will all the sooner usher in the inevitable day when the doctrinal basis of the Church will be revised.* As for myself, if I were obliged to preach some of the old Presbyterian dogmas still in existence, I should be preaching to a lumber yard instead of to human souls. . . . . *The heresy denounced yesterday at Indianapolis will likely be the orthodoxy of the entire Church to-morrow.*"

As Dr. MacAlpine preaches to a congregation made up largely of men, and in probably the largest church of the denomination in Buffalo, his remarks carry great weight with his hundreds of regular weekly hearers. The history of dogma in the Christian Church throughout the past centuries amply warrants the prediction made in the last sentence of the foregoing quotations from his sermon.

To one reared in the Presbyterian Church, and who recognizes gratefully his spiritual indebtedness to her ministrations, these signs of promise for a greater future in the communion of his former allegiance bring satisfaction. Rejoicing as he now does in his religious freedom as a liberal follower of the Master, the triumph of intellectual integrity which he believes to be typically foreshadowed for Protestantism generally by current events in Presbyterianism, affords him added reason to rejoice. The dawn of the better day for whose ideals of honesty in religion and noble conceptions of God and man the Liberal pioneers strove and suffered, is surely drawing nearer.

A Liberal.

The quotation from the *Buffalo Express* follows:

"Long ago," said Dr. Howland, "the Master gave us a criterion by which to judge the ministry of men, 'by their fruits shall ye know them.' Dr. Fosdick's books have stimulated thought, dissolved doubts and comforted multitudes, and those who come from his service know that they have been in the very presence of Christ, the light of his face is reflected in theirs. When the Presbyterian Church condemns such a prophet of God, it condemns itself."

The whole contest he described as being the meeting of two conflicting ideas of religion. The fundamentalist conceives of Christianity as a body of belief, delivered once and for all in the Bible, a perfect and final message to which nothing must be added and from which nothing must be subtracted. He conceives that of necessity the writers of the Bible must have been so inspired as to write without error so that the Bible becomes the authoritative word of God to men. To be a Christian, the

fundamentalist holds, one must profess belief in certain so-called fundamental articles of the creed.

The liberal view sees God leading men steadily upward through the ages to a knowledge of Himself and His will. He sees the Bible as a marvelous record of the progress toward a knowledge of God by the Jewish race, reaching a climax in Jesus Christ, in whom God was fully revealed in character and purpose. God was in him, reconciling the world unto Himself. The liberal believes that the spirit of the risen Christ is still leading His children into all the truth and that the universe is one, so that while science and theology may clash, science and religion can never be opposed.

Dr. Howland concluded his sermon by contrasting the five articles of belief declared fundamental by the General Assembly, which, he said, were as wide as the universe from the needs of the world to-day. In place of these he offered the following as containing Christ's great message to a suffering, sinning world:

A God who is a loving Father to all His children.

Men possessing the spirit of God the Father are all capable of His likeness—and all of them brothers.

The daily friendship with and guidance by the living spirit of the risen Christ saving us from sinful living.

The ideal life of loving, Christlike, sacrificial service.

Trust that the father who has loved us here will go with us through death into the fulness of the life eternal.

In the course of his sermon Dr. Howland declared that there is a large and growing movement among the liberal ministers of the Church to protest against the action of the General Assembly about Dr. Fosdick and to stand for freedom for pulpit utterance.

* * *

A BRONTE LETTER ON UNIVERSALISM

THE following letters, of great interest to Universalists, appeared in the *Boston Transcript*, which reprinted them from the *London Times*:

December 30, 1848.

Dear Sir: Ill health must plead my excuse for this long delay in acknowledging your flattering communication; but, believe me, I am not the less gratified at the pleasure you have derived from my own and my relatives' work, and especially from the opinions they express. I have seen so little of controversial theology that I was not aware the doctrine of Universal Salvation had so able and ardent an advocate as yourself, but I have cherished it from my very childhood—with a trembling hope at first, and afterwards with a firm and glad conviction of its truth. I drew it secretly from my own heart and from the Word of God before I knew that any other held it. And since then it has ever been a source of true delight to me to find the same views either timidly suggested or boldly advocated by benevolent and thoughtful minds; and I now believe there are many more believers than professors in that consoling creed. Why good men should be so averse to admit it, I know not, into their own hearts at least, however they might object to its promulgation among the bulk of mankind. But perhaps the world is not ripe for it yet. I have frequently thought that since it has pleased God to leave it in darkness so long respecting this particular truth, and often to use such doubtful language as to admit of such general misconception thereupon, He must have some good reason for it. We see how liable men are to yield to the temptation of the passing hour; how little the dread of future punishment—how still less the promise of future reward, can avail to make them forbear and wait; and if so many thousands rush into destruction with (as they suppose) the prospect of Eternal Death before their eyes—what might not the consequence be, if that prospect were changed for one of a limited season of punishment, far distant and unseen, however protracted and terrible it might be?

I thankfully cherish this belief; I honor those who hold it; and I would that all men had the same view of man's hopes and God's unbounded goodness as He has given to us, if it might be had with safety. But does not that "if" require some consideration? Should we not remember the weak brother and the infatuated slave of Satan, and beware of revealing the truths too hastily to those as yet unable to receive them? But in these suggestions I am perhaps condemning myself, for in my late novel, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," I have given as many hints in support of the doctrine as I could venture to introduce into a work of that description. They are, however, mere suggestions, and as such I trust you will receive them, believing that I am well aware how much may be said in favor of boldly disseminating God's truth and leaving that to work its way. Only let our zeal be tempered with discretion, and while we labor let us humbly look to God who is able and certain to bring great work to perfection in His own good time and manner.

Accept my best wishes in behalf of yourself and your important undertakings, and believe me to remain with sincere esteem,

Yours truly,
Acton Bell.

Sir: I have pleasure in submitting to you for publication a letter, hitherto unpublished, written by Anne Bronte (over the signature Acton Bell). Very few of Anne's letters appear to have survived, and only three seem to have been made public; one which is given in Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte and in Mr. Clement K. Shorter's "The Brontes—Life and Letters," and two others which are given in the latter work.

This new document was addressed to the Rev. David Thom, D.D., of Liverpool, who in his day was an eminent exponent of Universalism and the author of numerous books on that subject. In a memoir of him (prefaced to a volume of his sermons published after his death) the following passage appears: "In 1848 appeared 'Jane Eyre,' and we find this devourer of books yielding to the fascinating charms of Currer Bell. He had soon detected the sex of the author, and was tolerably well satisfied of her North of England residence. An interesting correspondence with the talented sister of Charlotte Bronte (Acton Bell) subsequently took place on the subject of Universalism."

The letter was written a few months after the publication of Anne's novel "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," and when she was suffering under the heavy weight of sorrow caused by the death, which had occurred a few days before the date of the letter, of her sister Emily. It is now in my possession, who am a relative by marriage of the late Dr. Thom. Anne in this letter gives abundant evidence as to her religious belief, and emphasizes the views on universal salvation she had expressed, or hinted at, in several passages of "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," notably in Chapter XX, in the conversation between Helen and her aunt, who tried to persuade her niece not to marry Huntingdon. Miss May Sinclair in her introduction to the edition of the story published in 1914, very aptly described it as the "first presentment of that Feminist novel which we all know."

I am yours faithfully,
Walter Haydon.

* * *

A PROTEST FROM DR. FISHER

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In the "*Leader*" for Aug. 11, under the heading of "What Our People Are Thinking," appears a most disheartening word about Miss Markley and her Chicago North Side Church, signed "From a Metropolitan Minister." Last week this article brought me this anonymous letter:

> *Dear Sir:* If you are the "Bud," that wrote in last week's *Leader*, the article about the North side Church, you ought to apologize. I've known you fifteen years and you take the berries for throwing large portions of ice water on most sparks of divine fire.
>
> (Signed) *A 100 per cent Universalist.*

Anonymous letters deserve no attention, but in this particular case, lest others also accuse me of

being the guilty "metropolitan minister" who wrote of Miss Markley and her church, I wish to remark that I did not write the article; that I do not know who did write it; that I never heard any one speak of the North Side Church as this writer does, and that I repudiate all he says on this subject.

The author should give his name, or else every "metropolitan" minister in Illinois will be under suspicion. Miss Markley and her people are not disheartened, but really are just beginning a great work.

Lewis B. Fisher.

* * *

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Progress and Stability

THERE came unto me a man of Repute and Dignity, even a Banker. And he talked of many things as a man talketh who hath Something on his Mind. And when he arose to go, then did he speak of the thing that had brought him unto me. And he spake, saying:

Oh, by the way, my Wife and I have a Little Plan for this Evening, and we would like to include thee and Keturah if we could suppose that ye would enjoy it.

And then I knew that it must be something interesting. And I constrained him to say more.

And he said, There cometh unto town to-day a Tent Show. And tonight they are to give Uncle Tom's Cabin.

And I said, Me for the Baldheaded row.

And he was much relieved. And he said, I was not sure how it would appeal to thee, but I and my Wife think it will be fine. I had not known that there was such a thing at this day; for I have not seen Uncle Tom for twenty-five years.

And Keturah said, When I was a girl, we played Uncle Tom in the High School, and I was Eliza. I should like to see the play after all these years.

But I became meditative, and I said:

I fear they will have Modernized it. I fear lest they shall have made Uncle Tom a Pullman Porter, and Little Eva an understudy for Mary Pickford and lest Miss Ophelia appear in Bobbed Hair. I fear lest Eliza shall sing, Where Do We Go from Here, Boys, and Topsy shall warble, Yes, We Have No Bananas.

Now, Keturah would not sit in the Front Row, but we had Good Seats, and our presence there did not Escape Attention. But we behaved very well considering, albeit we bought and ate Crackerjack.

And the Show was the Good Old Stuff.

Topsy turned Flip-flaps as she did the good old days befo de waw, and Marks still bid Seventy-five, and Eliza Crossed the Ice.

And just before the Last Act, the Gentlemanly Agents of the Management passed through the Audience and sold tickets for the Grand Concert, with Buck and Wing Dancing and an old Fashioned Cake-Walk. But we did not remain for this. We left at the end of the Regular Show, after Little Eva had gone to Heaven in the Hand-painted Scenery with Dazzling Electrick Light effects, w ich wa. the only Innovation so far as I could discover.

And I said, Keturah, we live in an Age of Transition, as Adam remarked to Eve when they left Paradise. I myself am part of that age, and an agent of the Transition. I am at work daily, Boosting and Uplifting and Rooting for the New Order of Things. But it doeth me good to find one spot where modern Innovation hath not intruded.

And she said, I was very glad that they did not spoil it by trying to Modernize it.

And I said, Keturah, Day by Day, in Every Way, I try to be better and better; but once in a while I grow a Little Weary of trying to Lift myself by my Bootstraps and rise on Stepping Stones of my Dead Self to Higher Things and Build More Stately Mansions for my Soul like the Chambered Nautilus. Come, for a few days, let us take each other for Better or for Worse, and stop trying to Reform. I feel as if I had been Reformed Enough for a while.

And Keturah consented.

* * *

AN OPPORTUNITY IN NORTH CAROLINA

MRS. MARIETTA B. WILKINS, former president of the W. N. M. A., writes urging that we push our work in North Carolina. "What is to be done there," she says, "must be done now and done in a way to make an impression. The Church which meets the need will predominate in that state. Five years will tell the story." The following suggestive clipping is from the *Boston Transcript*:

A fund of over $500,000 recently has been divided among a number of North Carolina churches, schools and homes by Lawrence W. Holt, a member of the Church of the Holy Comforter, Burlington. He gives this church, in addition to $85,000 previous endowment, between $5000 and $6000 annually, for work in its county, but states his hope that "at some future time the whole of Christendom might enjoy church unity." He gives also an annual allowance of $300 to the First Presbyterian, Front Street Methodist, Macedonian Lutheran, First Reformed, First Baptist, First Christian and Methodist Protestant churches of Burlington. Christ Church, Arden, receives about $3000 annually, and Grace Church, Morgantown, $900. The Chapel of the Cross, Chapel Hill, the seat of North Carolina University, also is a beneficiary. St. Mary's School for girls, Raleigh, receives about $1200 annually, Valle Crucis and Patterson schools (Episcopal mountain mission schools) about $2500, while the Thompson Orphanage, Charlotte, the Christian Orphanage, Elon, and the Children's Home Society, Greensboro, will also benefit. Among Mr. Holt's other large gifts is a trust which helps pay college and seminary expenses for thirty or more students for the Episcopal ministry.

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MRS. JOHN VAN SCHAICK, SENIOR

Mrs. John van Schaick, Senior, died at her home in Cobleskill, N. Y., August 25, after an illness which began in 1917. Her maiden name was Frances Eliza Shaver. She was born in Hyndsville, N. Y., January 24, 1851, on the land which her great grandfather held when he was captured by Indians and Tories during the American Revolution and carried to Canada with his father, mother, brothers and sisters. Her father was a merchant and banker of Cobleskill. Her mother was a descendant of the Schuyler, Lawyer, Warner and Hynds families who were "frontiersmen of New York" in the Revolution.

Mrs. van Schaick was educated at the Ripley Female College of Poultney, Vt. one of the first institutions of learning for women. She married John van Schaick, a lawyer of Cobleskill, May 25, 1871, and they lived over fifty years in one house. Her husband died June 8, 1923.

She is survived by six children—all married: Charles S. van Schaick of R. G. Dun & Co., St. Paul, Minn., Dr. John van Schaick,

Jr., of the *Universalist Leader*, Col. Louis J. van Schaick of the United States Army, now an instructor in the General Service Schools, Fort Leavenworth, Mrs. Arden L. Norton of Cobleskill, Geo. S. van Schaick, a lawyer of Rochester, N. Y., and Francis E. van Schaick, in business at Cobleskill.

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FUNDAMENTALISTS OF THE FJORDS

The metropolitan press of Monday, June 18, carried the usual batch of stories based on the commencement sermons of Sunday, June 17. The outstanding feature of these sermons was their similarity. The theme in each case was inerrant dogma; the content can be condensed into a few lines. Dogma retards; the coming generation refuses, and with right, to become interested in it. You can not hold the attention of the young by playing with shibboleths in 1923 when the south, that is, merely the southeast, is spending more money on public education than the country as a whole was spending in 1883. There are individual states which have as many high schools in 1923 as there were in the entire Union forty years ago, and the best of these offer a course of study about equal to that offered by Harvard College forty years ago. With all of our ills, national and international, truth is coming. Don't be afraid of it; welcome it.

On May 26, *Politiken* of Copenhagen published an article by Dr. Ditlef Nielson on the virgin birth of Christ in which the point was made that such birth was referred to in only two of the twenty-seven books of the New Testament, and that even in these the reference is in discord with the general teachings of the books in question. In other words, we are apt to fancy that this debate that is now going on between what may be called the liberals and the conservatives (the latter are convinced that the former are heterodox, just as the former feel that the latter are not keeping up with the high schools) is unique. We are apt to lose sight of the fact, if we ever glimpsed it, that this discussion is world-wide, that it did not start with us, that it is not going to end with us, and that this is not the only country in which high schools are increasing in number with reassuring rapidity. There is Scandinavia. All that applies to America in this connection applies to her.—*The Bookman.*

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UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION AT WINDER

Ernest J. Bowden

For the Universalists of Georgia all roads led to Winder through the days of the State Convention lasting from Thursday, Aug. 9, to the evening of Sunday, Aug. 12. They came from Allatoona, Atlanta, Americus, Bethel, Canon, Columbus, Cordele, Pine Park, Riverside, Waleska, and Windsor.

The weather, the location, the program, and the people of Winder, all conspired to make it a great occasion. Mulberry Church is situated in a beautiful grove four miles from Winder, surrounded by splendid farms, and with a famous supply of pure spring water. Tables were spread under the oaks; every day they were loaded down with a wonderful assortment of meats, pies, fruits, and cakes.

Romance was in the atmosphere. A stone's throw from the church is the local school. The building was transformed into a hostel for the accommodation of delegates. Among whose who lodged there for the convention was an honored minister who, in his long past youth, had taught in that school, and had eloped with the daughter of a neighboring farmer. There was an exciting midnight ride, a hasty wedding, a belated pursuit, a forcible "rescue" at the point of a revolver, and later a happy reconciliation and reunion.

A familiar figure on the ground was Uncle George Hill. He grew up to manhood a slave in the Hill family. W. E. Hill of Rockwell has vivid memories of being guarded by Uncle George when, as a boy, he carried home the cash from the marketing of cotton. In days of freedom he remained a faithful servant with the family which had learned to love and trust him. His form is alert, though shrunken, and he carries his ninety years with ease and vigor. He is a privileged character, and often sat outside a convenient window drinking in the music with eyes and ears.

The convention sessions of the Young People's Christian Union brought a number of young folk to the grounds, who kept things lively and made the grove ring with their song.

Sermons were well in evidence—two each day except Sunday, when there were three, always to a packed church. The preachers were Ernest J. Bowden of Atlanta, H. T. Crumpton of Brewton, Ala., Dr. F. B. Bishop, Southern Superintendent, A. G. Strain, Superintendent for the state of Georgia, and J. M. Rasnake, now of Mukwanago in Wisconsin, but formerly a loved minister in Winder. The deepest interest was taken in the modern presentation of religion as interpreted in the terms of evolution. It was proved that religion loses none of its grip because it is presented in the scientific language of the twentieth century rather than the dogmatic language of the first or fourth.

A considerable amount of routine work was carried through expeditiously by B. F. Cheek of Lavonia, who ls an ideal chairman. He has the finest stock of lubricants in the form of darky stories to oil the creaking wheels of business sessions. One would like to find his source of supply. He has one for every occasion, always given with admirable restraint, and in few words, but invariably conveylng just the thought that was needed.

Resolutions were passed looking to the better organization of work by women, and in Sunday schools. An important resolution fathered by Dr. J. W. Rowlett expressed the opposition of the Convention to the pending anti-evolutionary legislation. The resolution was splendidly drawn, making it clear that Universalists have no wish to impose their ideas on others at the expense of the state. But they jealously maintain the freedom of our educational institutions, and say "Hands off" when legislators seek to put medieval restrictions on the teachers of Georgia.

On Friday at three o'clock business was suspended, and the Convention joined with the nation in its great expression of sorrow and reverence as America bowed in solemn mourning for the death of President Harding.

Everybody voted the Convention a great success. Liberal Christians see with enthusiasm that the forces of religion are marching fast in the direction where they have toiled long as pioneers. They don't worry about the name under which those forces march as long as progress is made, and the barbaric accretions which have marred Christianity are thrown into the discard.

* * *

WHY NOT THE CLARA BARTON HOME LIKEWISE?

The Daniel Webster birthplace at Franklin, N. H., is receiving more visitors this summer than it has since the buildings were restored ten years ago. The visitors' register contains the autographs of persons from all over the country. Several from Pacific Coast States have registered this summer.

H. E. Merrill, caretaker, has made the grounds more attractive this season than ever before. The small amount of money appropriated by the Legislature last winter has been used judiciously in improving the farm buildings on the estate. A wide veranda on the east side of the farm dwelling is one improvement. Masons are completing masonry work on the chimnies, which have been so improved as to remove the fire hazards which nearly cost the loss of the entire set of buildings last spring.

The building is receiving contributions of Webster souvenirs from persons in different parts of New England and even New York people have concluded that the best way to perpetuate Webster souvenirs is to contribute them to the collection of such articles at the Webster birthplace.—*Manchester Union-Leader.*

* * *

UNCONVINCED

Owner of Property (sternly): "Don't you see that notice, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted'?"

Tramp (calmly): "No, I don't see it, for I can't read."

Owner of Property: "Well, you know what it is now, so go."

Tramp: "Hexcuse me, mister, but I don't know what it is. I've only got yer bare word for it, and you're a puffect stranger to me. For what I know to the contrary, the notice may be, 'New milk sold 'ere,' or 'Apples tuppence a pound,' or 'Welkim, weary wanderer.' "—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Home and Children

GRADATIM

Through many years the late Mr. Davidson was known among his friends to possess a gift for versification that others esteemed much more highly than he did. Many were the occasions graced by his happily turned phrases. Sometimes for himself he struck a deeper note. The following poem was found among his papers after his death:

The mountain height we can not scale
With one majestic bound;
But, from our place within the vale,
No other way is found
Than step by step the hill to climb,
To reach the summit's view sublime.

So in the upward march of life
The journey must be run,
And o'er a way with trials rife
Each soul must struggle on.
We step by step must climb, each day,
The hill of life's progressive way.

But if we lift our hearts in prayer,
With each recurring day,
We'll find the Saviour ever there,
To smooth the rugged way;
And step by step he'll lead us on,
Until life's victory shall be won.

* * *

THE WISH THAT CAME TRUE

KATHERINE was a little girl who had a great deal to make her happy and contented, but she was seldom satisfied, and was always wishing for something she did not have.

One warm morning she was shelling peas in the back porch for mother, and every time she opened a pod, the little round peas fell with a soft thud into the pan, and it made her a little sleepy. Presently she heard a pretty song overhead and looking up saw a bird on the branch of a tree near by. e held up his little head and trilled joyously.

That started Katherine to wishing anew. "Oh," she thought aloud, "how I do wish I was a bird—how lovely that would be! Nothing to do; no peas to shell; no school to go to. Just to sing, and fly, and fly, and fly. Oh, what fun!" Thud, thud, thud, went the peas into the pan, and, the day being warm besides, Katherine's head began to nod and her eyes to droop drowsily. She was suddenly startled by a queer shrill little voice close to her elbow, so close that she almost spilt all the peas. "Do you really mean that?" the voice asked.

"My goodness gracious!" exclaimed Katherine, very much startled. Looking around, she saw the most curious little fellow you can imagine. He was very tiny, his nose was turned up, his eyelashes were turned up, the toes to his shoes were turned up, and his hair was sticking up on his head. Everything about him seemed growing upward.

"Who are you?" asked the puzzled little girl. "And where on earth did you come from?"

"One question at a time, please," said her funny visitor, "and that reminds me that you haven't answered the question I asked you."

"What was it?" asked Katherine.

"Whether you really wanted to be a bird."

"Oh, I do indeed!" she answered. "It would be lovely!" And she clasped her hands at the very thought.

"Well, then, your wish will be granted—and as soon as you desire!"

"Why, why," stammered bewildered Katherine, "people can't just turn into birds and things, except in story-books."

"Well," said her visitor, "it may seem impossible to you, but it is quite possible, as you will presently see. I am the Wishing Gnome, and my work is to listen to dissatisfied people and see that their wishes come true. Sometimes the mortals learn to rgeret their wishes. However, yours shall be granted."

Katherine was too astonished and excited to speak. The gnome clapped his hands, and a tiny sandalwood box appeared out of the air. He opened it, and it was filled with what looked like dried rose-leaves.

"Take one," he said, "and eat it!" She obediently did so, wondering what strange thing would happen next.

The rose-leaf had a funny taste, and after a few moments it made her feel very light, and she began to float upward, until presently she found herself on the branch of a tree. She saw that she was covered with soft feathers, and that she really had wings. This was an amazing discovery, and then she knew that she was no longer a little girl. Her wish had been granted, and the Wishing Gnome had disappeared.

Now she was a bird, and might fly where she would. She felt very happy. She spread out her new wings and flew, and flew, and flew. Over green fields she passed, and shady woods, and the meadows where she so often had played. It was lovely, but by and by she was tired, and perched on a bough to rest, and then she found that she was dreadfully hungry.

What was she to eat? She knew birds ate worms, and she could not do that, no, not if she died of hunger. She began to think of the good things mother was preparing for dinner at home. There would be a nice brown juicy roast and hot buttered Sally Lunns, and creamed potatoes, and pudding with raisins, and of course those peas; but it made her so hungry to think of them, that she tried to forget, and spread her wings and flew away again.

This time she happened to rest on a branch just above the creek where her two sisters, Hilda and Marjorie, and little brother Johnnie were playing. They were having a beautiful time, and suddenly she remembered that she could not ever play with them any more, because she was no longer a little girl. She called to them "Tweet! tweet!" but they did not even look up. It made her want to cry.

Presently the sun went down, long shadows crept over the meadow, and she knew that very soon it would be dark. The birds began to twitter in the trees, sleepily, and Katherine wished very much for her little white bed at home, the same little bed that she had so often wished she didn't have to go to. She didn't understand what the birds were talking about, and she felt very lonely and afraid. When it

grew very dark indeed, she flew back to where she had lived when she was a little girl. The lights were all lit and looked very cheery streaming out through the open windows. Mother was busy preparing supper. Johnnie was eating his bread and milk, and Hilda and Marjorie were curled up in the window-seat reading fairy-tales. How she wished now that she could be just a plain every-day little girl again! If she could only find the Wishing Gnome and ask him to change her back into Katherine Gray.

Just then she felt a touch on her arm, and she thought gladly, "Oh, here he is now!" and then a voice said, "Hurry up, dear, or we shall have no peas for dinner!"

Katherine rubbed her eyes, and opened them. She could scarcely believe what she saw, for there in her lap was the pan of peas, half shelled, and there—oh, joy!—stood mother. She could smell the raisin pudding. Why, then she must have been asleep and only dreamed it, after all. Very happily, she finished shelling the peas for dinner!—*Roberta Symmes, in Christian Register.*

* * *

BULLIEVE ME!

If she is rich and if her suitor comes to call, there are many resources by means of which he may be entertained. He may motor with her, or he may dance. He may be taken to the garden or the billiard room. And always he may be fed. All of these amusements still hold good, even though both the lady and her lover may be dull as well as rich. If conversation flags, there is the victrola, or ice cream. And there are tickets to the opera, where even the dullest lady may smile sweetly, and where even the most ponderous escort may at least call a taxi, and provide flowers and candy, if not wit.

Moreover, if both lovers are poor, but have intelligence and resource, romance may still flourish. Even though the boarding house has no room for calls, there is the park. Books (borrowed and not bought) may be read, and all the world discussed. An educated though frugal pair of lovers on a bench beneath the bough, with a book of verses and a sandwich, unless they are *too* tired, and *too* worried, need little pity from any one—as many of them will testify.

But suppose the lovers belong to that large group which has no training, no resource, and no vocabulary. Suppose that the victrola and the matinee are equally unattainable, and that the rooming house affords no privacy for a courting pair. There is still the park bench, but there is no taste for verses. No ability to discuss them, or anything else. It is spring, and there is spring restlessness and a desire for happiness. One working day is over and another looms all too near. They share the human urge to escape to a world of dreams. But how can all this be expressed by lovers who have little imagination, no abstract ideas, and no words?

Have you ever listened to them from a neighboring bench?

"Bullieve me. He wuz some guy. He sez 'Hello girls,' he sez, and I sez, 'Hello yourself.' And he sez, 'Where you going, cutie?' and I sez, 'I ain't goin', I've been and got back.' That's what I told him, and you'd oughta seen him. Gee, he looked as though he's lost his buttons. Bullieve me. I can tell a guy where to get off. 'Just watch my smoke,' I sez. And he sez, 'You've said an earful.' And I sez, 'Bullieve me. You've said it,' I sez."

But eventually the anecdotes are exhausted, and no conventional phrases, however sparkling, were meant to last a whole evening. What next? Never shall I forget the scorn with which one girl answered me when I asked of a certain dull couple of our acquaintance:

"What in the world do they talk about?"

"Talk," snorted she. "They *don't* talk. They *hug!*"

With a country club or the matinee—or without them, if there is some training in social ingenuity—there may be legitimate aids to young people's conversation. But when the occupants of the park bench have exhausted their slender stock of words and ideas, but still have emotions to spare, they indulge in the only activity which occurs to them, which they can afford.

Some weeks ago there fell into our hands a letter whose obscenity was almost past belief. It was written by a young workman to a girl under our guardianship, and since its indecency was so flagrant, it seemed to justify an investigation. The young man responded promptly to our summons, but as he entered the office, even those of us who are somewhat accustomed to inconsistencies in conduct, stared at him in surprise. Instead of a ruffian, there stood a rosy-cheeked boy, carefully dressed in his best clothes for the call, and with a mouth drawn down to a suitable Sunday expression. Fearing lest we had the wrong man, we placed the letter before Mike.

"Did you write it?" we asked.

"Yes, lady, I did," said he. "I hadn't oughta done it, but she was the only girl I had, and she went with another feller."

No other explanation could he give. His girl was a flirt. He was angry with her, and he told her so in the only words he knew.

"What good did you think such a letter would do?" we asked.

"I was mad," he answered simply.

"Where did you hear such words?"

"I work with a steam-fitter all day, just us two. He says those words, so I said 'em."

"Why don't you get another girl, instead of insulting this one?" we inquired.

"Because I don't know any, and I liked that one."

"Do you expect any girl to come back to you after a letter like that?"

"She would if she liked me, but she don't," he said sadly. Silence. Finally after some study of Mike's disconsolate face we ventured:

"Mike, you sound as if you were lonesome, so lonesome that you did not care what you said." Quickly he leaned over the table with the first sign of life in his eyes.

"Lonesome, lady, you've said it. Lonesome is what I am. I don't know anybody else, and I liked that girl." He stalked out of the room with a lingering glance at his enchantress who sat outside.

Did we imagine it, or was there a flicker of forgiveness in her eyes, as he gazed miserably at her? Had she merely meant to administer a rebuke as preface to a later pardon? Did she really understand, as well as we, that his furious jealousy was a tribute to her hold on him, and that his words were a mere accident due to the fact that he had no legitimate language of emotion? If a man is wretchedly angry, he must express it somehow, and to a woman it must be in words. Since any fine phrases of passion are unknown to him, he must use the only forceful words in his vocabulary. Mike's confused obscenities were an attempt to express a jealousy as overwhelming as Othello's just as "Shake a leg, chicken," would be his way of saying, "Come into the garden, Maude."

Recently I was honored by an invitation to be a member of a committee to provide instruction for working girls—girls of intelligence but no social training in American ways. Various plans were suggested for filling the gaps in their education, but with the memory of many awkward courtings in my mind, my one request was this: Give girls who are poor the equivalent of what rich girls get at dancing school, in dramatics, sports and games. Teach them how to entertain their beaux—beaux who are without money, without poise, and without words, but who long, like the rest of us, for beauty and romance. Teach them fifty-seven varieties of entertainment—by twos, by threes and by roomfuls. Teach them how it can be done with more words and less "*hugging.*" For they need to know—*bullieve me!*—*Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, in Survey.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Sept. 9. Morning, Stamford, Conn.

Sept. 11-17. "Whirlwind Tour" through Vermont.

Sept. 21-23. Illinois State Convention, Hoopeston.

* *

NEW OLD SOUTH

Because the Universalist churches and people of the Boston district have refused or failed to maintain even a single service during the summer in any one of our churches, I went last Sunday morning to worship with our Congregational brethren at the New Old South. The church was comfortably filled—perhaps with others turned out from their own homes, hungry and forced to seek spiritual sustenance at their neighbors' doorstep. At any rate there were hundreds present.

If the time should ever come for me to accept a pastorate in the Boston district, I should make it a prime condition that my church should remain open every Sunday in the year unless it joined with other churches of our faith in union services during the summer. If this can be done in Chicago, Akron and Minneapolis, it can be done in Boston. If there is not now sufficient interest on the part of our people to maintain such a service, there is evidently greater need for it than ever, that we may win to Universalism those who believe in it enough to take every opportunity to proclaim it to the world.

But to return to the New Old South.

Dim Religious Light

The windows in the New Old South are beautiful. They are mystic poems of subdued light to which one turns gladly for relief from the brilliance of the garish day. I delight to worship in such a church—occasionally.

It may be a peculiar quirk in my own make-up, but if I were trying to lead a congregation into practical Christian living in this present world, I would not want to preach to them Sunday after Sunday in such a church. It is admirably designed to help worshipers to feel "the peace which passeth all understanding." But just imagine the incongruity of sermons preached there on such texts as "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

I wonder if ecclesiastical efficiency will demand different churches, or different rooms, or at least differences in lighting effects for different kinds of sermons or services. Without extravagance we could avail ourselves of the psychology of light and darkness much more than we have. A beginning has been made in the candle-light and sunrise services held by the Y. P. C. U. There are times when the "dim religious light" makes it easier to enter into the spirit of the sermon and the service, when

"Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires;"

and the message of the day is based on such words as "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But I can not imagine a challenge to the Church Militant, a trumpet call to duty in the service of righteousness, humanity and God, closing with the command,

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss,"

being delivered in the dim recesses of New Old South without having to overcome the psychic inertia, not to say somnolence, its darkness would produce. Such a sermon needs a setting like that of the Naval Academy chapel at Annapolis, which is, to my mind, the kind of church in which I would like to work if I wanted to lead or be led in a crusade for the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth. It would be easier to darken such a church for the service of quiet restfulness and "mystic, sweet communion," than to lighten the darkness of the New Old Church for a service of challenge and enlistment.

Yet I hardly know. The young lady who was organist of Tuttle Church in Minneapolis during most of my pastorate there raised strenuous objections whenever I suggested the hymn,

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;"

because, she said, her nerves were stretched the other six days of the week, and she wanted to give them a rest on Sunday.

Widening Loyalties

Beside the pulpit of the New Old South stands the American flag. Midway on either side of the church hang another flag of our country and that of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. But there is no corresponding symbol of the Kingdom of God: no cross, no Christian flag, nor anything to suggest the wider loyalty for which the church stands. Some one has wisely pointed out the danger which may lurk in the fact that every American school boy and girl is taught to salute the flag. It may lead to a narrow and selfish nationalism which is willing to "let the rest of the world go by," so long as America is safe and prosperous.

No one who is wise, who knows the value of the home instinct, the "this is my own, my native land" feeling, would have that love and loyalty to one's own country diminished one jot or one tittle. We need more of it than we have to give consecrated service and leadership in a troubled world.

But a narrow patriotism which is careless of the rest of the world is as unchristian as the "chosen people" sentiment of the ancient Jews. Only in one sense were they chosen: to serve the world and help it to find the God of righteousness. And only for a similar reason are we justified in priding ourselves on our Americanism: because it gives us opportunity to serve the world in its hour of great need.

And the Church of Jesus Christ, that great world-citizen of the long ago, that friend and lover of all humanity, should be first in placing in a position of equal or greater prominence, some symbol like the Christian flag, so that along with love for our own land and loyalty to its ideals, we may be led into that wider loyalty which he taught. It is well that in many of our church schools and in most of our Junior Unions, when we salute the American flag we also salute the Christian flag and say, "I pledge allegiance to this flag and to the Savior for whose Kingdom it stands, one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love." And in that Christian idealism we are preparing the way for that widest earthly loyalty, which will take up and include and transfigure our lesser loyalties to home and family, to city, state and station, and join us all together in the world-wide family of God.

Stanley Manning.

Murray Grove, N. J., Aug. 29.

For the Quiet Hour

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted, or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil;
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will;" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will;" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfil:
"Not as we will."

Helen Hunt Jackson.

Surely he meant that the men who are formed in the image of Christ and called out to do the works of Christ are justified by God, though the world, perhaps, does them no justice at all. Scant justice did the Lord of all get save from the Father who sent him, and the few disciples who believed in him.

J. H. Greenough.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston Mass.

OF IMPORTANCE TO GUILDS

A special program of interest to Clara Barton Guild members is to be planned for Saturday, Oct. 27, at the Providence Convention. Full announcement regarding this will appear later.

At the Women's Banquet in the evening, Miss Alma J. Noble of Buffalo, N. Y., executive secretary of the World Wide Guild of the Baptist Church, will be one of the speakers. She will have a special message for all Universalist girls and young women.

No Guild within reasonable traveling distance from Providence can afford not to be represented by large numbers on this occasion. Mark the date on your Guild calendar and begin now to plan for the trip.

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RUMMAGE GOODS FOR CLINTON, N. C.

A recent letter from Mrs. Martha G. Jones of Clinton, N. C., contains the following word regarding the sending of rummage goods. We print it herewith for the benefit of all who are planning to forward packages this fall.

"One thing that I have failed to impress upon the minds of those to whom I have written regarding our sales is that winter garments should be sent to us early. We could begin now in September to sell winter things because the colored people are beginning to receive their money for work in tobacco and just a little later it will be the cotton. When that is done, there will not be very much income until strawberry time in the spring."

* *

PROGRAM MATERIAL

As has previously been announced, the foreign mission study for the coming year centers about Japan. In planning programs for Mission Circles, mission study classes—in fact any activities of a missionary nature—certain recent publications of the W. N. M. A. will be found exceedingly helpful.

Under the heading "Sunlight in the Sunrise Land," Mrs. Maude Lyon Cary has prepared programs and plans for presenting the six chapters, both in "The Woman and the Leaven," by Charlotte de Forest, and "Creative Forces in Japan," by Galen M. Fisher.

These programs were given wide publicity at Northfield on account of the splendid material which they contain. One woman of another denomination exclaimed when she saw the copies, "Oh, yes, I want one of those. I remember how many helpful suggestions last year's program contained." We are sure that all of our women who used Mrs. Cary's "Light on the Lessons in Lighted to Lighten" are of the same opinion. This year, however, we are anxious that many more shall use these helps and link up in each chapter the thought of the book with some of our denominational work in the Sunrise Land. The price of the program is 15 cts.

More and more our people are learning the value of missionary dramatics. Two playlets, suitable for presentation in Mission Circle, Sunday school or any church organization, have also been prepared by Mrs. Cary. They are "O Hana San" and "The Secret of Happiness," and both are 3 cts apiece.

Appropriate music will call for occasional playing of the Japanese national anthem. This has been printed on single sheets and sells for 2 cts.

Other Japan leaflets which have been published during the past two years and which will be found useful as supplementary material are as follows: "Our Workers in Japan" (3 cts.), brief sketches of our missionaries with their pictures. "From Far Japan" (5 cts.), by Mrs. Rowe, containing several snapshots taken at the Blackmer Home. "The Cry of the Child" (2 cts.), by Mrs. Samuel G. Ayres. "Our Girls at the Blackmer Home" (2 cts.), with pictures of them. "An appreciation of Margaret Schouler" (free), our first woman missionary to Japan.

In addition to these, which are published by the W. N. M. A., several leaflets on Japan are available for use, issued by the Foreign Mission Board and the General Sunday School Association. Send all orders to 176 Newbury St, Boston.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

* *
* Providence, Oct. 20, 21, 22, and 23. *
* The group conferences of Tuesday *
* will be a most profitable feature of *
* the Convention. As the ministers' *
* meeting will be in session at the same *
* time, no clergymen are eligible to *
* attend, but all others will be wel- *
* come to these gatherings at which *
* people of common interests and *
* problems can meet for discussion *
* and mutual helpfulness. There *
* will be eight conferences, each with *
* competent leadership, Mr. Carl A. *
* Hempel being in general charge. *
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* *

CHILDREN'S WEEK

From Oct. 14 to Oct. 21—that is Children's Week, says the International Sunday School Association. An increasing number of wise churches are stressing together for a full week the needs and rights of the American child. Our Universalist churches will be wise to fall in line. Mission Circles, Ladies' Aid Societies, Men's Clubs, Mothers' Classes, Young People's Christian Unions, in fact all organizations connected with the parishes should devote their meetings for the week to a consideration of future citizens and their preparation. In fact, many groups, not organized, should meet for discussion and good resolution. Especially appropriate will be the "father and son" and "mother and daughter" banquets and conferences.

* *

THOUGHTS OF A TRAVELER

Out in New York there is a Universalist layman who has been blessed with both wealth and good sense. He believes in the supreme importance of religious education (having brought up successfully a delightful family of his own) and he tells the superintendent of the Sunday school that whatever she needs for efficient work she can have. Last year he gave her something like three hundred dollars. "I don't want to intrude," he says, "but I do want to help." Is it fear of intrusion that keeps other men of money from giving freely for the future citizens? Let them feel assured that there would be nothing impolite in offering a few checks to those who are carrying the Sunday school burdens.

. . . .

There is one denomination that advertises persistently and intelligently. I think that it advertises effectively, for more than one convert has told me that his attention was first caught by free literature temptingly displayed in a railroad station. I do not refer to the Watch-Tower people, active as they are, but to religionists much more aggressive and impressive. The Christian Scientists seem to get everywhere with their publications. The other night on the Portland boat dozens of travelers were wandering about wishing for something to take up their minds. Did they find any Baptist newspapers and magazines, theirs for the reading. Any Methodist literature? Any Universalist literature? No; but they found an attractive rack from which they were welcome to take the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Christian Science Journal*, the *Christian Science Sentinel* or tracts of various sizes. Some accepted. It is so everywhere I go in America. And, when I could find nothing else in English, I have read Mrs. Eddy's doctrines in Egypt, in France, in Norway. I do not agree with all that my Christian Science friends believe; but I do like their missionary spirit and method. I wish that Universalists had a few hundred thousand dollars to spend for just that kind of propaganda.

The Wayfarer.

Among Our Churches

Maine Letter

The vacation months are drawing to a close and the town and city parishes are preparing to open their doors with new enthusiasm and renewed consecration. * * The summer months have seen much activity in our summer parishes and a new life in some of our dormant and semi-dormant churches. Rev. John Ratcliff, of Rockland, has supplied the church at Round Pond. Rev. Charles Clark of Medford Hillside, Mass., has given his time to Hope, a little community where there is no church of any denomination open nor any settled minister. Rev. Frederick Walker of Norwood, Mass., has once more served the Readfield parish. Rev. Harry Shook of Brunswick has spent several weeks at East Dixfield, where we have a Sunday school which is kept alive during the year by the devoted efforts of a few loyal workers. Canton and Canton Point have been served by Rev. Mary Hadley. Bethel has had a permanent supply in the Rev. Fred A. Moore of Brookline, Mass. Dr. A. A. Smith, of Bangor, has filled the pulpit of East Eddington. Bowdoinham has had services through Mr. Folsom, Mr. Shook, and Mr. Webber. Wilton has been supplied by Dr. Morrison of New Hampshire, Rev. H. F. Shock of Brunswick, Rev. Otto Raspe of Iowa, and Rev. H. B. Robinson. These parishes as well as some others which have had pulpit supplies of different ministers are showing new interest, new enthusiasm and deepened spiritual life because of this contact. * * The Church of the Messiah, Portland, is being extensively repaired. Round Pond is to make needed repairs. * * Bethel, Dexter, Pittsfield, and All Souls, Portland, are being supplied by candidates and hope soon to have settled ministers. * * Gardiner has been indeed fortunate in having its property thoroughly put in repair and order this summer, having its parsonage, its vestry and its church auditorium freshened and redecorated. Mrs. Frank Boston and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boston installed a very fine pipe organ in the church as a memorial to Mr. Frank Boston, a former chairman of the board of trustees. This will be dedicated later on and is a very appropriate reminder of one who always loved good music and willingly gave of his time, service and money for the Gardiner Church. * * In the death of Edward H. Sargent, president of the board of trustees of the Maine State Convention, Portland and the whole cause of Universalism in the state have lost a good friend. He has always served the church as he served his friends, loyally, faithfully and well. From bequests of his will, the Church of the Messiah, Portland, Westbrook Seminary and the State Convention will receive the income of several thousand dollars to be used in their work. * * Rev. Sidney J. Willis is ready to begin the work at Biddeford with the opening of the church year. * * Our first great object this fall is the State Convention, which will be held in Rockland. It is hoped that every church will not only send a full delegation but also many visitors. Every effort has been made to arrange a full, interesting, well rounded program.

Milo G. Folsom.

Church News and Interests

Indiana

Indianapolis.—Rev. Edwin Cunningham pastor. Central Church resumed its regular services, Sunday, Sept. 2. The pastor announced that for the September Sundays, under the general theme "Toward a Better Understanding of Jesus," the discourses would be based on the following books: Sept. 9, "The Syrian Christ," by Abraham M. Rihbany; Sept. 16, "Life of Christ," by Giovanni Papini; Sept. 23, "The Proposal of Jesus," by John A. Hutton. Sept. 30 will be observed as Rally Day. After the morning services, there will be a basket dinner in the church social room. This will be followed by an afternoon program. Universalists visiting or passing through Indianapolis are especially invited to any or all of these services.

Massachusetts

Gloucester.—Rev. John Clarence Lee, D.D., pastor. Dr. Lee has been elected president of the Cape Ann Parsons' Club, the membership of which comprises all of the Protestant ministers of this region. The Gloucester church does not close during the summer season; and every Sunday morning it has welcomed pilgrims from many parts of the country, attracted by its historic interest as the mother church of the Universalist denomination. Among the preachers who have supplied the pulpit during the pastor's vacation were two laymen. Edmund A. Whitman, Esq., of the Boston bar, gave a very original and impressive sermon on the text, "Then one of them, who was a lawyer, asked him a question." Mr. Richard Billings, the vice-president of the General Convention, thrilled the audience with his interpretation of "Judas the Traitor." The Sargent-Murray-Gilman house, which was the home of John Murray and his gifted wife, Judith Sargent, from 1788 to 1793, is open daily and has been thronged with visitors. The three hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Gloucester was celebrated the last week in August. The Universalist movement here began in the year 1770, when the Sargent family obtained the Universalist book, "Union," by Rev. James Relly of London. Then, in 1774, John Murray was brought to Gloucester by Captain Winthrop Sargent to be pastor of the flock, which soon became "The Independent Christian Church" and was first and foremost in the establishment of Universalism in America. All of this was duly set forth by Dr. Lee in the historical address, on the 26th of August, and by the chairman of the parish committee, Jeremiah Foster, who is a descendant of Col. Joseph Foster, one of the founders of the church. A great congregation was present, including members of the Sargent family and many other descendants of the founders, and visitors from many points. In the Gloucester Pageant, the Universalist church was the only one chosen to present a special episode. It depicted the part of Gloucester in the abolition of slavery—first, in the person of the second pastor, Rev. Thomas Jones, who in 1813 stoutly declared, "There are no slaves; all men are born free." The second feature was the time of the Civil War, when many from this church aided the cause led by Lincoln. Rev. G. H. Lewis of Annisquam assumed the role of Thomas Jones. The entire episode was directed by Mr. Jeremiah Foster and Miss Susanne S. Center of this church, aided by many other members. In the historical parade, one scene presented George Washington with John Murray, the role of Murray being filled by Brant M. Dexter of our church. The anniversary ode was written by Miss Abbie F. Rust, who also is one of our members. The Tercentenary oration was delivered by former Governor John L. Bates, who paid a high tribute to John Murray as the founder of a great denomination and a promoter of religious liberty.

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DEATH OF DR. W. H. RIDER

Rev. William H. Rider, D. D., died at Essex, Mass., Wednesday, Aug. 29. An article about his life and work will be published later.

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UNIVERSALIST COMRADES

Now that every member is thinking of Providence and the Convention and, we hope, planning to be present, and especially Saturday, Oct. 27, one of the things to be considered is the importance of every member having paid his dues in full to Sept 30, 1923.

At the May meeting of the Executive Committee, in New York City, the secretary was instructed to send a circular letter to every member not having paid his dues, asking him to co-operate with us in this matter before the end of the year.

Already the letters have been mailed, and it is the hope of the secretary that every man will make payment promptly.

If it is more convenient for some to pay through the secretary of a local chapter, they may disregard the letter, but should pay promptly.

For the benefit of those who ask what has been done with the funds, let me say that for over one year the secretary has not received anything for his services, not one cent has he charged for travel, or incidental expense. He has traveled hundreds of miles in the interest of the order, but not one cent of this has been paid from our funds.

For nearly a year the president has forgotten to even consider a bill, having spent many dollars for postage, telephone and travel, but not one cent has been paid from the funds of the order for this purpose.

At the request of the Executive Committee the secretary was instructed to prepare a suitable letter to be mailed to every member of the order not now a life member, inviting him to become a life member that his name might appear on a printed list at the Convention. Since June 1, invitations have been mailed to 2800 men, also more than 1200 letters to members in arrears for dues. These two items will give an idea of some of the expenditures.

Sunday, Oct. 14, 1923, will be observed as the fourth annual National Laymen's Sunday. The official notice will be mailed early in September. Brother ministers, will you please reserve this day for the Comrades.

The tickets and reservations for the Fellowship Dinner Saturday evening, Oct. 27, at the Providence Biltmore, will be released soon. We have assured the managers of the hotel that we will give them ample time to prepare for our coming. Will you please respond promptly to the call of the committee?

Reservations may be made through the chairman, Mr. E. S. Burlingham, 111 Progress Avenue, Providence, R. I., and of the Secretary.

Fred. C Carr,
National Secretary.
559 *Cranston St., Providence, R. I.*

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 664. Brewton, Ala., 4.

* *

ROGERS ASSOCIATION

Seventy-five years ago the Rogers Association was organized at the home of S. H. Knapp at Stringtown. It was named in honor of the Rev. Geo. Rogers, who at that time was an itinerant missionary in the counties of Jefferson, Switzerland, Wearborn, Ripley and Franklin. The seventy-fifth Annual Meeting was held at Milan, Ripley Co., Aug. 18 and 19, 1923.

Rev. Pearl M. Mock delivered the occasional sermon to an appreciative audience. Rev. E. V. Stevens, pastor of the Milan church, gave some interesting and inspiring sermons during the meetings.

The following officers were left in charge for the coming year: Moderator, E. P. Ross; clerk, Sadie L. Barnes; treasurer, Jasper Ross. The next meeting in August, 1924, will be held at the Saluda church in Jefferson County.

Of the fourteen Associations that originally existed in the State of Indiana only one is alive and doing its work today, the Rogers Association.

Sadie L. Barnes, Clerk.

Notices

SYSTEMATIC DAILY BIBLE READING

Simple and definite plan makes daily Bible Reading easy for every one. Send 10 cents to Miss Etta Konitzky, 4316 Bellview Ave., Baltimore, Md.

* *

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The eighteenth annual session of the Universalist Convention of North Carolina will be held at Woodington, Sept. 20-23, 1923.

J. R. Miller, Secretary.

* *

OFFICIAL CALL—G. S. S. A.

The eleventh annual Convention of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church will be held in Providence, R. I., on Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 20, 21, 22 and 23, 1923. The business sessions will be held on Monday, Oct. 23. Officers for the ensuing two years will be elected, reports will be heard and acted upon, and policies for the General Association will be adopted.

Each Universalist Sunday school is entitled to send three delegates for its first hundred members or fraction thereof and one delegate for each additional fifty members or fraction thereof.

Carl A. Hempel, Secretary.

* *

GENERAL CONVENTION REMITTANCES

The fiscal year of the Universalist General Convention ends Sept. 30, 1923. All money to be credited on this year's accounts should be in the secretary's office by that date.

Special attention is called to the necessity of paying General Convention quotas in order that local churches may be represented at the Providence Convention in October. Article II, Section 2, of the Constitution has the following proviso: "To be entitled to such lay delegates and in order that its minister be eligible to be a delegate, every parish must maintain its legal existence and support public worship regularly and make a contribution on quota to the General Convention during each of the two years prior to the meeting of said Convention."

Roger F. Etz, Secretary.
176 *Newbury St., Boston, Mass.*

* *

RAILROAD RATES TO PROVIDENCE

The Railroad Associations have granted a reduced rate of a fare and one-half for the round trip to the Providence Conventions except from North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Canada. This will be on the certificate plan. Further particulars will be given later. For information write to Rev. J. W. Vallentyne, 124 North Kenilworth Avenue, Oak Park, Ill., Transportation Representative, or Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

* *

ILLINOIS STATE CONVENTION

The Illinois Universalist Convention will be held at Hoopeston, Sept. 21-26. Extensive preparations are being made for a great occasion.

C. A. Polson.

* *

BARNSTABLE ASSOCIATION

The Barnstable County Universalist Association will hold its annual Rally at Provincetown, Mass., Sunday, Sept. 9. Services 10.30 a. m. and 1.30 p. m.

Basket lunch. The ladies of the Provincetown church will supply coffee.

Elizabeth Nickerson, Secretary.

CLOSING OF THE BOOKS OF THE W. N. M. A.

The books of the treasurer and corresponding secretary of the Women's National Missionary Association will close Sept. 15, 1923. All money to be recorded in the present fiscal year must therefore be in the hands of the above officers before that date. State Secretaries should fill out the annual reports for the fiscal year and teturn to the corresponding secretary at once.

Mrs. W. C. Caldwell,
Corresponding Secretary.

* *

OHIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

On July 20, 1923, a letter of license was granted to Robert M. Rice, divinity student at St. Lawrence University, temporary supply at New Madison, Ohio.

Letter of license granted to Miss Ruth Owens, assistant pastor at Akron, Ohio.

Renewal of license to Elmer M. Druley, Belpre, Ohio.

Letter of transfer granted to Rev. Henrietta G. Moore to the California Convention.

* *

THE ORDER OF UNIVERSALIST COMRADES

Official Call

The third biennial session of the Order of Universalist Comrades will be held at the First Universalist Church, Providence, R. I., Saturday, Oct. 27, 1923, at 2 p. m. for the consideration of the following business;

1. Election of officers and three trustees for the ensuing biennial period.
2. To transact any other business that may legally come before the session.

Fred C. Carr, National Secretary.

* *

W. U. M. S. OF MAINE

The twenty-ninth annual Convention of the W. U. M. S. of Maine will meet in the Universalist church at Rockland, on Tuesday, Sept. 25, 1923, at 1.30 p. m., to act upon reports, elect officers, and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before the Convention.

Persis Shedd, Secretary.

* *

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Sept. 19, 1923. New Hampshire State Convention, Portsmouth.

Sept. 20-23, 1923. North Carolina State Convention, Woodington.

Sept. 21-26, 1923. Illinois State Convention, Hoopeston.

Sept. 25, 26, 1923. Maine State Convention, Rockland.

Sept. 25-27, 1923. Pennsylvania State Convention, Reading.

Oct. 4, 1923. Public Meeting Massachusetts W. U. M. S., Universalist Church, Gloucester.

Oct. 9-11, 1923. New York State Convention, Utica.

Oct. 20-28, 1923. Universalist General Convention, Providence, R. I.

Oct. 21-23, 1923. Convention of General Sunday School Association, Providence, R. I.

Oct. 24, 1923. W. N. M. A. Convention, Providence, R. I.

Nov. 1-4, 1923. Alabama State Convention.

* *

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION

The 98th annual session of the New York State Convention of Universalists will convene in the Church of Reconciliation, Utica, N. Y., October 9, 10, and 11, for the election of officers for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other busine as may legally come before this body.

G. D. Walker, Secretary.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE UNIVERSALIST STATE CONVENTION

The annual session of the New Hampshire Universalist State Convention will be held at Portsmouth, Sept. 19, and 20. As special business, new Constitution and By-laws will come up for consideration.

Asa Mayo Bradley, Secretary.

NEW HAMPSHIRE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

The annual session of the New Hampshire Universalist Sunday School Convention will be held in Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 18, 1923.

* *

MAINE STATE CONVENTION

Official Call

The 94th annual session of the Maine State Convention will be held in the Universalist Church, Rockland, Me., Sept. 25, 26, 1923, for the purpose of electing officers; to vote on the proposed amendment of Art. 11, Sec. 4, of the Constitution so it shall read: "Of five lay delegates from each parish in its fellowship;" to vote on proposed amendment changing Art. vii of By-Laws to read: "Every parish in the Fellowship of this Convention is expected to contribute each year, according to its ability, to the aid of the work of this Convention and of the General Convention, and to co-operate heartily in the plans, purposes and policies of this Convention and the General Convention;" also to transact any other business which may legally be brought before the Convention.

Milo G. Folsom, Secretary.

The Annual Y. P. C. U. Convention will meet Monday, Sept. 24, the Annual W. U. M. S. Convention Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 2.30 p. m., and the Annual S. S. Convention Tuesday a. m., Sept. 25.

Program

Monday, Sept. 24. 35th annual session of the Y. P. C. U. 2 p. m. Meeting of the State Board. 2.30. Opening of the Convention. Address of Welcome, Miss Marion Marsh, secretary of the Rockland Union. Reports. Address. Discussion of local Union problems and plans. Election of officers. Missionary offering.

7.30 p. m. Devotional service, Rev. W. H. Gould, Livermore Falls. Address. Speaker to be announced. Remarks by Rev. John Ratcliff. Address, Rev. H. D. Maxwell, Monmouth.

Tuesday, Sept. 25. 8.30 a. m. Devotional service, Rev. Harry Townsend, Westbrook. Roll Call of the State Convention. Addresses of Welcome. Response by president and president's annual address. Official reports.

10.15. Annual session of the State Sunday School Association. Four ten-minute addresses: Rev. Francis A. Gray, D. D., Bath; Rev. Wm. H. Gould, Livermore Falls; F. E. Wheeler, M. D., Waterville; Mrs. M. G. Folsom, Gardiner. Discussion. Address, Rev. Francis W. Gibbs, Fitchburg, Mass. Reports. Election of officers.

Afternoon. The twenty-ninth annual session of the W. U. M. S. 1.30. Devotional service. Reports. President's annual address. Address, Rev. Hannah J. Powell, Sunburst, N. C. Pledges. Election of officers. Round Table of Methods.

6 p. m. Clara Barton Guild Supper. For all interested in the Guild. Brief talks by Miss Andrews and Mrs. Robinson.

7.30 p. m. Rev. Charles Knickerbocker, presiding. Address, Rev. Hannah Powell, North Carolina. Communion, Rev. John Ratcliff, Rockland, assisted by Rev. E. W. Webber, Thomaston. Occasional sermon, Rev. A. Francis Walch, Augusta.

Wednesday, Sept. 26. 8.30 a. m. Devotional service. Rev. Klaas Oosterhuis, Oakfield. Business. 11.45. Fraternal Greetings.

2 p. m. Devotional service. Rev. Hugo Perdelwitz, Calais. Address, Mrs. Stella M. Cushing. Address, Rev. Harold Marshall, D. D. Adjournment.

4.30. Automobile Sight-Seeing Trip.

6 0. m. Comrades Banquet. Robert L. Whitcomb, President of Maine State Chapter of Comrades, toastmaster. Brief addresses by four prominent laymen. Address by Rev. John van Schaick, Jr., D. D., Editor of the *Leader*.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE W. U. M. A.

The 30th annual Convention of the Women's Missionary Association of New Hampshire will be held at Portsmouth, Sept. 19, at 1 p. m. for the election of officers and such other business as may legally come before the meeting.

The address will be given by Rev. Maude Lyon Cary of Little Falls, N. Y.

Mary Stewart Cole, Secretary.

WOMEN'S NATIONAL MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

Proposed Amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws

In accordance with the requirements of the By-Laws, Article IX, Amendments, notice is hereby given that the following amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws of the W. N. M. A., by substitution, will be proposed at the next session held in Providence, R. I., Oct. 24, 1923.

For the Committee on Revision,

Marian W. Lobdell, Chairman.

Aug. 24, 1923.

Constitution

Article III (page 4), paragraph 3. Substitute the word associate for honorary, so as to read as follows: "Men may become associate members by the same payments as women."

Article V (page 5) section 3. Strike out the words, *two auditors*, found in the last two lines of the paragraph. (It will be seen that if the proposed change in the By-Laws is effected, it will no longer be necessary to elect auditors at the biennial Convention.)

By-Laws

Article I (page 10), section 5, Treasurer. The Treasurer shall keep full and accurate accounts of receipts and disbursements in books belonging to the Association, and shall deposit all money and other valuable effects in its name and to its credit in such depositories as may be designated by the Executive Board.

She shall disburse the funds of the Association as may be ordered by the Executive Board, and attested by the President and Chairman of the Finance Committee, and in every case she shall take a proper voucher therefor. She shall render the President, the Executive Board or the Chairman of the Finance Committee, each month or whenever any of them require it, an account of her transactions as Treasurer and a statement as to the financial condition of the Association.

She shall invest the Permanent Funds of the Association in accordance with instructions of the Finance Committee. She shall hold all mortgages, bonds or other valuable papers, and shall submit the same to the inspection of the Executive Board or Finance Committee whenever required so to do.

She shall give the Association a bond in a sum and with sureties satisfactory to the Executive Board for the faithful discharge of the duties of her office and for the restoration to the Association in case of death, resignation or removal from office of all its books, papers, vouchers, money, securities or other property of whatever kind in her possession.

Section 8, Auditors. At least once a year the books and accounts of the Treasurer and the Corresponding Secretary shall be audited by public accountants to be appointed by the Executive Board, and the reports of such accountants shall be submitted to the biennial meeting of the Association.

Section 9, Finance Committee. The Finance Committee shall have special charge and control of the finances of the Association. It shall have full authority to invest and reinvest funds of the Association. Such funds, however, are to be invested only in first mortgages, government, state, or municipal bonds, and deposits in savings banks. It shall submit to the Executive Board at each meeting a statement of the financial condition of the Association, and any recommendations which it may have concerning the same. At least once a year the Committee shall prepare and submit for the consideration of the Executive Board a detailed budget of expenses.

At least once in five years it shall employ a competent real estate agent or attorney, who shall furnish to each member of the Executive Board a certified list of all the mortgages held by the Association and his opinion as to the safety of the investment.

* *

W. N. M. A.—OFFICIAL CALL

The forty-fourth Convention of the Women's National Missionary Association will be held in the First Universalist Church in Providence, R. I., on Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1923, for the receiving of reports for the two years past, the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it.

Marian W. Lobdell, Recording Secretary.

MICHIGAN CONVENTION

The Universalist Convention of Michigan will meet in the First Universalist Church in Detroit, Oct. 9 and 10. The Rev. George Campbell of Olinda, Ontario, will deliver the occasional sermon.

William Couden, Secretary.

* *

BALLOU ASSOCIATION

The Ballou Association will meet in annual session at Blanchester, Ohio, Sept. 21-23, 1923, in the Universalist church. Each Universalist church within this Association is entitled to five delegates; and each auxiliary, two additional. The Blanchester parish extends a cordial invitation to all delegates and visitors.

Jennie M. Brown, Secretary.

* *

INDIANA CONVENTION

The seventy-sixth annual session of the Universalist Convention of Indiana and its auxiliaries will be held at Salem church near Peru, Oct. 4-6, for the hearing of reports, election of officers and transaction of such other business as may legally come before the Convention.

Breakfast and lodging free. Other meals 50 cents.

Pearl M. Mock, Secretary.

* *

MICHIGAN FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. C. F. Patterson has been granted a letter of transfer to the Massachusetts Convention.

G. H. Ashworth, Secretary.

* *

PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

All Universalists in Pennsylvania are hereby notified of the annual Convention at Reading, Sept. 25-27. The change from June to September is pursuant to a resolution adopted at the last Convention.

Please notify Mr. A. G. Bailey, 137 North 5th St., Lodging and breakfast furnished without charge.

H. E. Benton, Secretary.

Obituary

Norman W. Cady

Norman W. Cady, a long time resident of Troy, Ohio, died July 28, 1923, at the age of eighty-six years. Mr. Cady was Chaplain of the A. H. Coleman Post, No 159, of the Ohio Grand Army of the Republic. He was sergeant in the 42d Regiment of Ohio Infantry for three years, his regiment being led by Colonel James A. Garfield., later President of the United States.

During his active life in Miami County, Ohio, he was among the prominent educators of the county, serving as teacher and district superintendent for thirty-five years.

Mr. Cady was a loyal member of the Universalist church. He and his devoted wife were among the pioneer Universalists of the county in which they lived and labored through several decades.

Six devoted daughters remain to cherish sacred memories of a devoted father and mother.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Sara L. Stoner. Rev. W. L. Walbach offered prayer.

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MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited.

The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

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Crackling

Edward was very angry with his small sister. After supper mother tried to establish friendly relations between them again and quoted to them the Bible injunction appropriate to the case.

"Now, Edward," she said, turning to the boy and driving the passage home, "are you going to let the sun go down upon your wrath?"

Edward squirmed a little as he looked up into her pleading face.

"Well, how can I stop it?" he asked.—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

"I shall have to give you ten days or $20," said the judge.

"I'll take the $20, judge," said the prisoner.—*Exchange.*

* *

"She'd look better without so much powder and rouge on."

"Yes. She isn't so bad as she's painted."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

* *

Mrs. Neighbors: "But isn't your son rather young to join the army?"

Mrs. Malaprop: "Well, he is very young, but then, you see, he is only going to join the infantry."—*Houston Post.*

* *

Magistrate: "Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?"

Burglar: "Yes, m'lud. It's a bit thick bein' identified by a bloke wot kept 'is head under the bedclothes the whole time."—*London Opinion.*

* *

Contractor: "Don't you see that sign, 'No new help wanted?'"

Colored Applicant: "Yessah. Ah promised mah ol' woman I'd ask fo' a job today an' dass why Ah applied."—*New Haven Journal-Courier.*

* *

A National City man went to see a doctor.

"Doc," said he, "if there is anything the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English."

"Well," said the doctor, "to be frank with you, you are just plain lazy."

"Thank you, doctor," sighed the patient, with relief. "Now give me a scientific name for it, so I can go home and tell the missus."—*San Diego Union.*

* *

Of course, we all know that what Jeremiah really said was, "Yes, we have no balm in Gilead."—*New York World.*

* *

"Meiklejohn will be a great loss to Amherst."

"What position did he play?"—*Nashville Tennessean.*

* *

"I hear that Kitty is getting a divorce."

"Yes, she married a Captain during the war and now, of course, he's frightfully out of style."—*Life.*

RALLY DAY INVITATIONS

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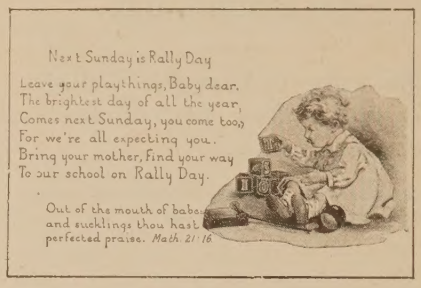

Next Sunday is Rally Day
Leave your playthings, Baby dear,
The brightest day of all the year,
Comes next Sunday, you come too,
For we're all expecting you.
Bring your mother, find your way
To our school on Rally Day.
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise. Math. 21:16

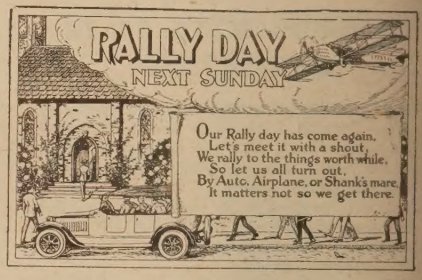
No. 67 For Cradle Roll.

RALLY DAY - NEXT SUNDAY -
Sunday School
is one of the HAPPIEST DAYS
in our school. Every boy and girl who loves the school wants to come on that day. You will come wont you? And bring some one?
"Let us go into the house of the Lord."

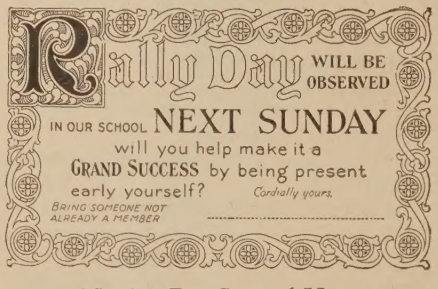
No. 72 For Beginners and Primary.

Rally Day Next Sunday
RALLY DAY MAIL
The Mail Man has something delightful for you.
Guess what it is: it is easy to do,
Yes, you are right! It's a warm invitation
Come to our School's Rally Day celebration!
He that heareth, let him say, Come.—Rev. 22:17.

No. 68 For Beginners.


RALLY DAY
NEXT SUNDAY
Our Rally day has come again.
Let's meet it with a shout,
We rally to the things worth while.
So let us all turn out.
By Auto, Airplane, or Shank's mare.
It matters not so we get there.

No. 75 For Men and Older Boys.


Rally Day WILL BE OBSERVED
IN OUR SCHOOL NEXT SUNDAY
will you help make it a
GRAND SUCCESS by being present
early yourself?
Cordially yours
BRING SOMEONE NOT ALREADY A MEMBER

No. 74 For General Use.

NEXT SUNDAY will be
RALLY DAY
in Our School
THIS IS A CALL FOR YOU,
CALL OF TRUMPET AND DRUM,
TO HEAR! HEAR! HEAR!
AND COME! COME! COME!

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